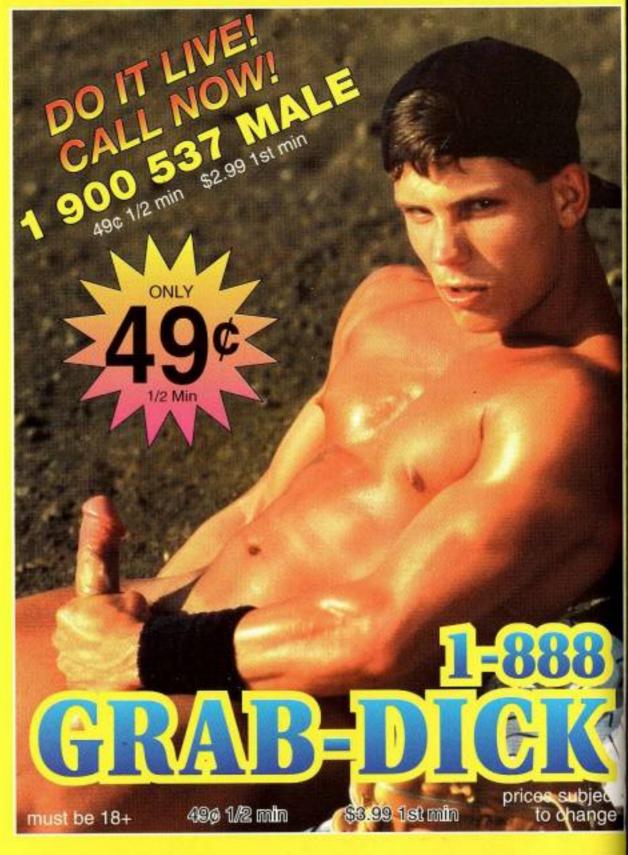
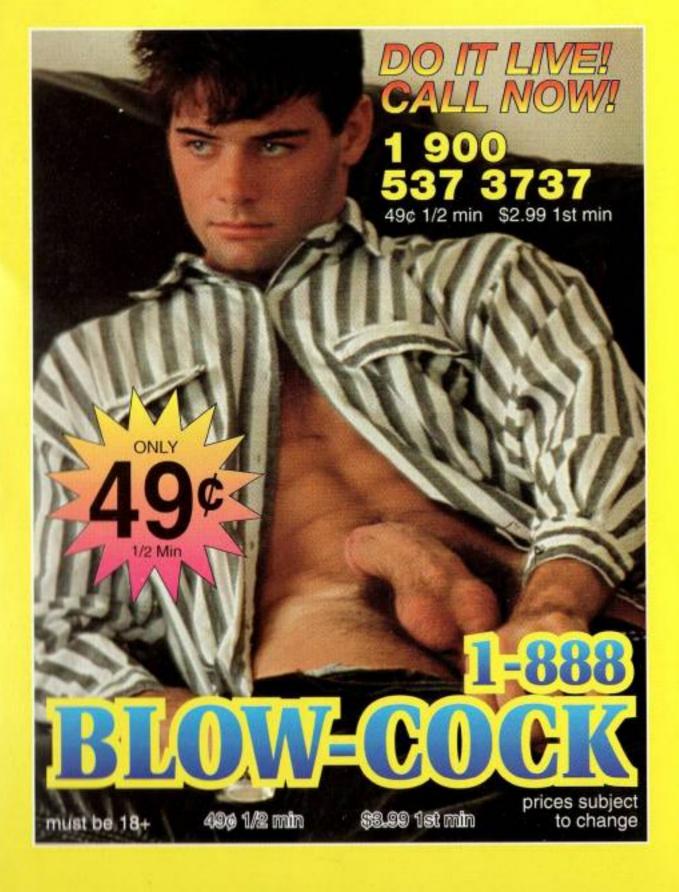
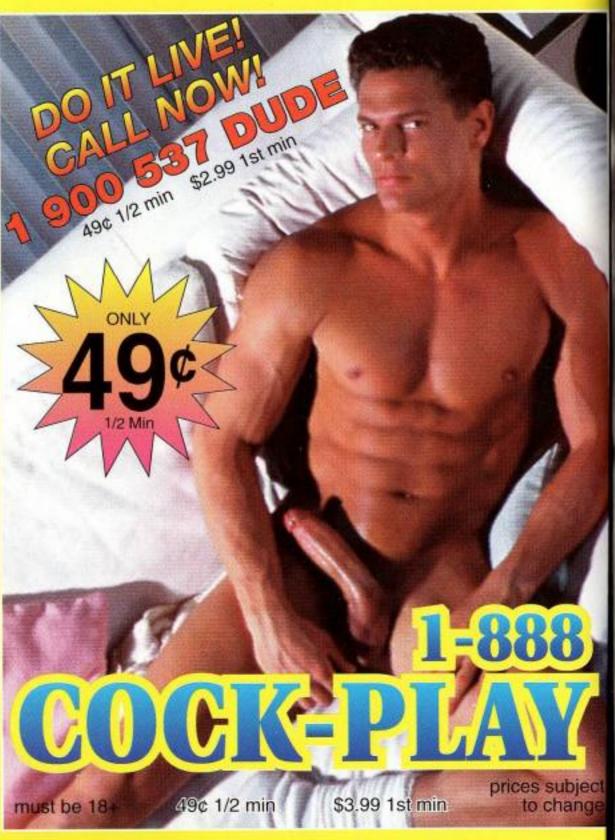


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MALE CALL

On Your Knees Boy

First of all, thank you for still continuing to be the best source for information and entertainment when it comes to leather, SM, and fetish. Although some of the changes in the past couple of years I am still getting used to, still no one does it like Drummer. Thank you for continuing to provide a place for those of us interested in "alternative sexual practices."

Recently, I was going through some of my back issues of your mag and I came across photos of a model I had almost forgotten. I am talking about Ken Savage, who to my knowledge was one of the first Daddy superstars. He appeared in issue 93 and was featured on the cover of issues 92 and 95. He has the look that immediately makes me want to drop to my knees and serve him in anyway he pleases. Whatever happened to Daddy Ken? Is he still around and what is he up to these days? There was an audio tape that you printed a transcription of in issue 92. It was entitled "Punishment Is Its Own Reward," and featured Daddy Ken making a hustler earn every penny of his \$20 fee. I know it's probably a ridiculous request, since issue 92 was printed in 1986, but I was just curious as to its availability. Is there any way I can get a copy of this tape? CW

Ed. Unfortunately we, at International Drummer, do not have access to the Ken Savage taped interview. But, International Drummer #198 is on Daddies and Boys so I will see if I can find images of Daddy Ken in our archives and run them. Regarding: more information about Daddy Ken, maybe a well-informed reader will respond to this letter and update you about the man who first brought you to your knees!

San Jose, CA

Membership Gets A Good Boost

Within weeks of Drummer 191 (Real Men) being released-the one containing the three-page spread on Men BOOTS-I began to get a lot of inquiries

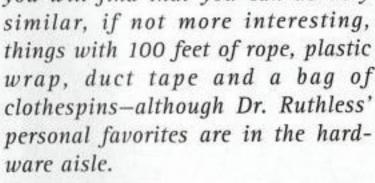
about the club, from all over. Several guys even phoned me from overseas! I am very happy to tell you that over the past three months, the club has seen a big rise in membership and I attribute this directly to exposure through Drummer. I am appreciative of what Drummer did for the club.

Scotty, editor Men in BOOTS Victoria, BC Canada

Dear Dr. Ruthless:

I am getting really intrigued by the whole bondage and domination scene. There have been more pictures of that sort of thing in the media and mainstream gay porn. I have wanted to get into it for a while but didn't know where to begin. Luckily I just discovered International Drummer and that has helped a lot. But it seems to me that to be a player you have to own a lot of expensive equipment. I don't have the budget for it. Do you have any suggestions on how to start without spending a lot of money? Deprived Madison, WI

D.R. Dr. Ruthless is a big fan of ingenuity. The more creative you can get, the better. Your local supermarket and hardware store can provide a veritable cornucopia of highly usable pervert equipment. Leather and latex equipment is very expensive and really takes years to collect. The traditional equipment is part of the fetish for some peoplebut, until you can afford it, I think you will find that you can do very similar, if not more interesting, things with 100 feet of rope, plastic wrap, duct tape and a bag of clothespins-although Dr. Ruthless' personal favorites are in the hardware aisle.

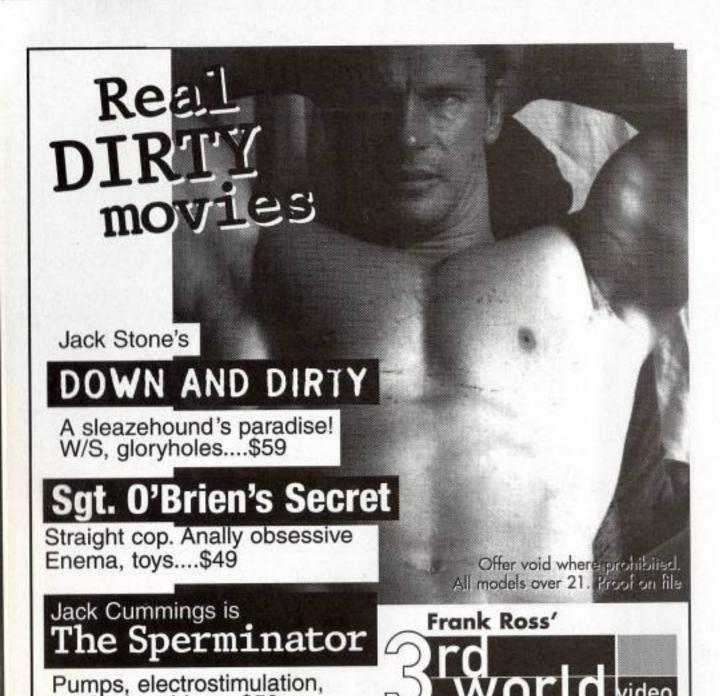


Dear Dr. Ruthless:

I am a 24 year old man living in San Francisco-trying to find someone to play with. I am 5'10" 145 lbs., and I look young-which by the way is what I think the problem is. I may look like a boy but I am a top. Most of the men that I meet assume that I am a bottom because of my size and looks. I have bottomed-I don't really enjoy it much. Do you have any suggestions? Searching

San Francisco

D.R. Unfortunately for you-traditionally older bigger man have been viewed as tops and younger or smaller men as bottoms. Dr. Ruthless can see how getting into the mainstream leather scene and being viewed as a top with your looks would be difficult. Dr. Ruthless has observed that the dynamic in the new generation of leather and SM is more flexible in some ways. Many of the traditional roles and play styles seem to be changing. Dress codes are not as important, and it seems that more people are willing to switch. The new generation is certainly as kinky and deviant as the last, just with a new interpretation. I think if you keep looking-maybe in a younger scene, you will find someone to play with, especially in a city like San Francisco.



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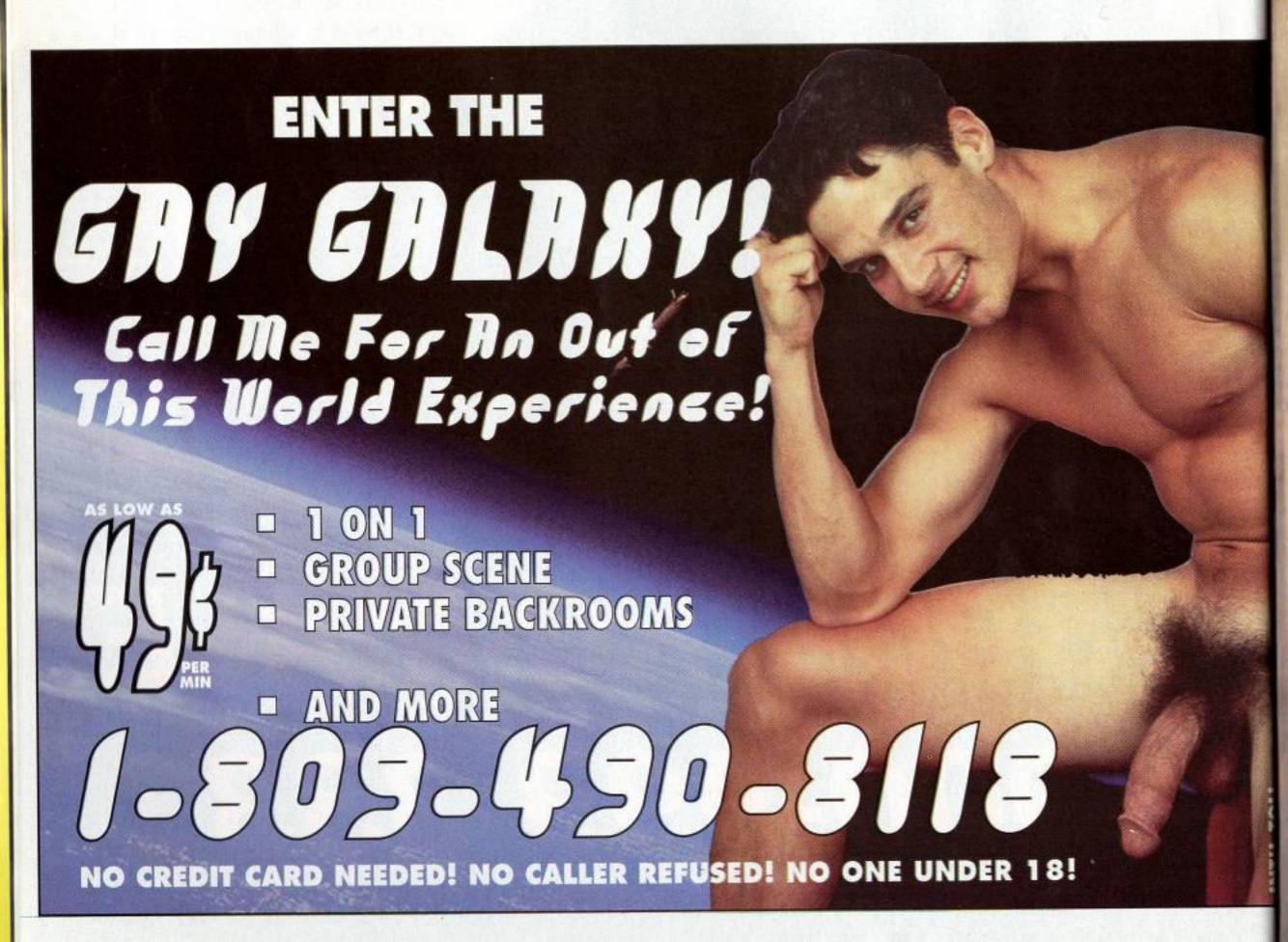
OPEN CALL!

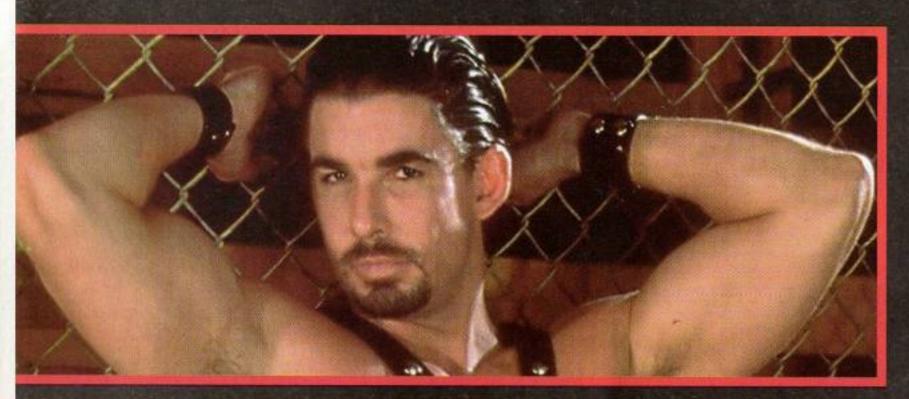
DRUMMER MAGAZINE invites you to participate in our open call for fiction, non-fiction and images, as we prepare on next five issues in 1996. We encourage you to call and arrange mailing or fax of our Publication Guidelines, before you prepare your work for us. NEVER SEND ORIGINAL MATERIAL. PHOTO NUDITY WITHOUT SIGNED MODEL RELEASES AND PHOTO I.D. WILL BE DISCARDED. For each future issue to which your work is closely related, please arrange delivery to the Editor by the following deadlines:

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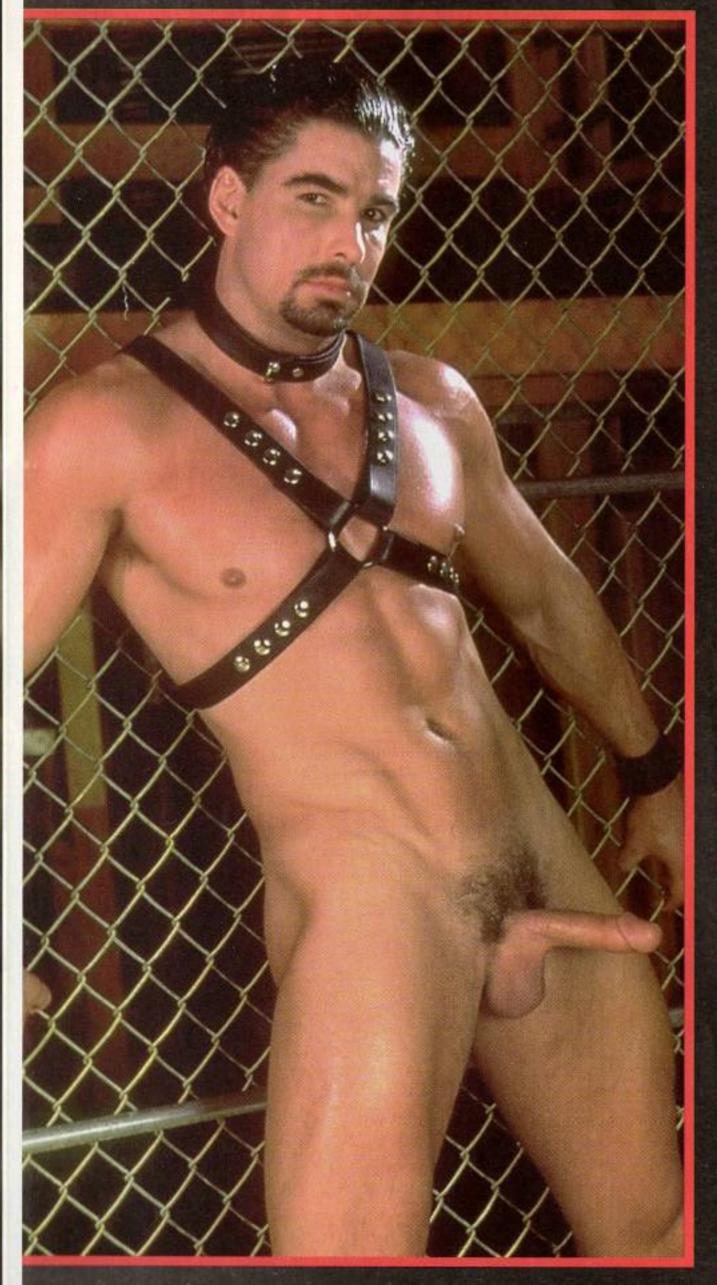
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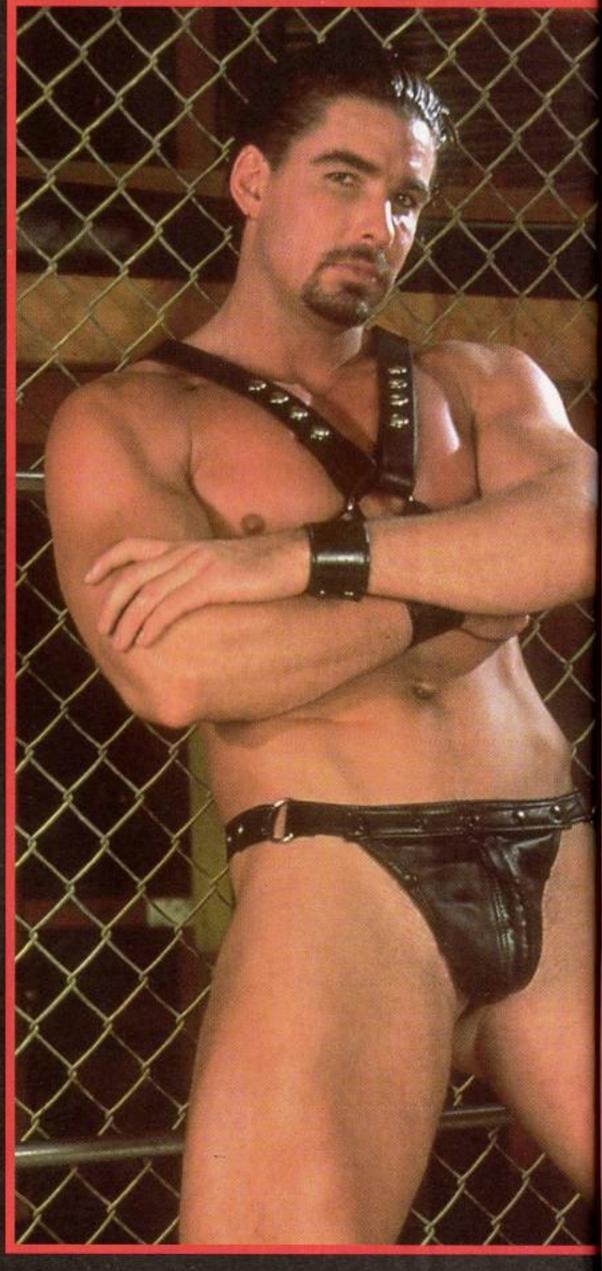
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DRUM MEDIA

Spanking Good Times

REVIEWS BY CHRISTOPHER J. HOGAN

"Spare the Rod: Longing for Discipline" and "Spare the Rod II: The Hand and the Paddle,"

Jet Set Productions. Produced by John Summers. Directed by Edward James. To order write: Paradox Pictures, 11684 Ventura Blvd., Suite 622, Studio City, CA 91602.

"Spare the Rod" and "Spare the Rod II" are both purely spanking and verbal abuse videos. There is no penetrative sex depicted. In fact, we hardly even glimpse a penis—not to mention an erect one shooting semen.

The first in a series of spanking videos, "Spare the Rod" delivers exactly what one would expect. The three scenes have slightly different themes but discipline is delivered in each. In the first scene, a military officer tries to adjust the attitude of a recruit who hasn't been following orders well enough. The recruit

protests that spanking is against military policy, but his pleas are, of course, futile. Next, a coach must get one of his "bratty" athletes to try harder. Even after getting his butt seriously beaten, the boy is still a "smart ass" and must endure more spanking.

The best scene, however, is the last. A priest discovers a truant youth. To help him repent, the priest takes the boy to his private quarters for a good, old-fashioned whipping. This scene would be edgy enough as is, but it takes

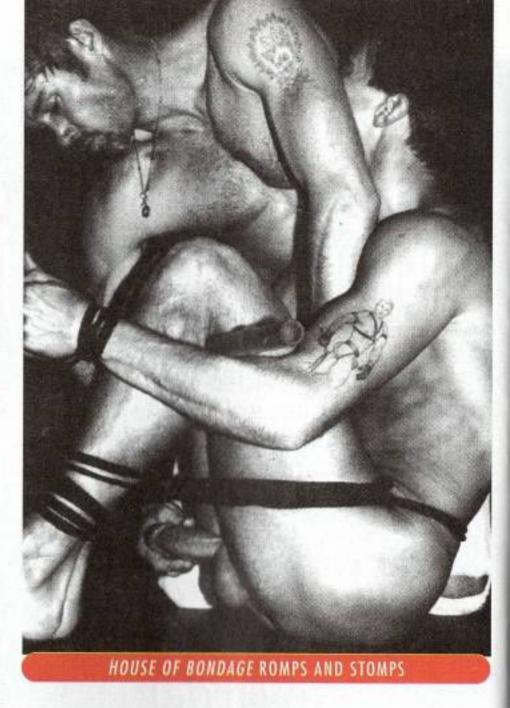
everything one step beyond by having the priest read from the Bible before, during, and after delivering his punishment.

The guys in "Spare the Rod" are hot and the bottoms are especially cute. They were obviously selected with one particular anatomical feature in mind. If you get off on spanking and verbal abuse, this video will certainly please you.

Spare the Rod II" is not quite as good as its predecessor. It is divided into two long scenes, both with a military theme. The first features two officers disciplining two enlisted men in a desert setting. In the second, a fastidious naval officer trains his new houseboy. I'm not going to tell all but before the boy arrives we see the officer arranging flowers. All the bottoms have lovely asses and are beaten until they are bright red.

The sound quality in "Spare the Rod II" is terrible. Even with the volume at ten, nearly everything said is still inaudible, a big problem for a video that relies heavily on verbal abuse, the sound of hands and belts smacking bare butts, and screams of pain. The poor sound really ruins what could have been a decent spanking flick.

Finally, this is a military video



that lists the credit "Styling by." Enough said.

"House of Bondage"

Graphik Art Productions. Produced and directed by Tom "Ropes" McGurk. Starring Cougar Cash and Kyle Branden. To order write Graphik Art Productions, P.O. Box 460142-W, San Francisco, CA 94146-0142, or call 415/928-7193.

Tom "Ropes" McGurk, of Graphik Art Productions, is one of a rare breed. He manages to make terrific, full-length porn videos with only two guys. "House of Bondage" features Cougar Cash and Kyle Branden, both excellent performers who keep the non-stop action interesting for over an hour. As with other films by McGurk, the roles are strictly defined. Cash is the top throughout "House of Bondage," and Branden is the bottom. While such a stable dynamic can become boring in videos, McGurk and company use it to their advantage. The creativity and variation in the activity becomes the focus, rather than the power dynamic.

"House of Bondage" begins with Cash alone, looking at presumably dirty pictures. He gets a call from Branden. Cash's dominance is estab-

THURTHER !



From Drummer Tough Customers #12

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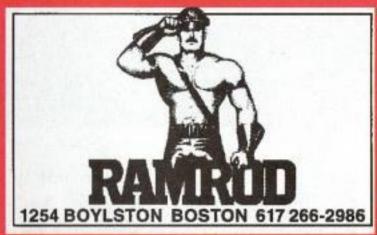
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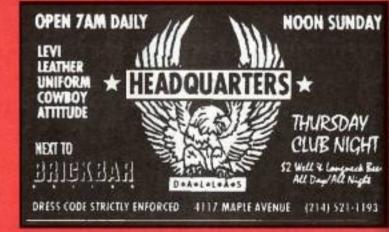
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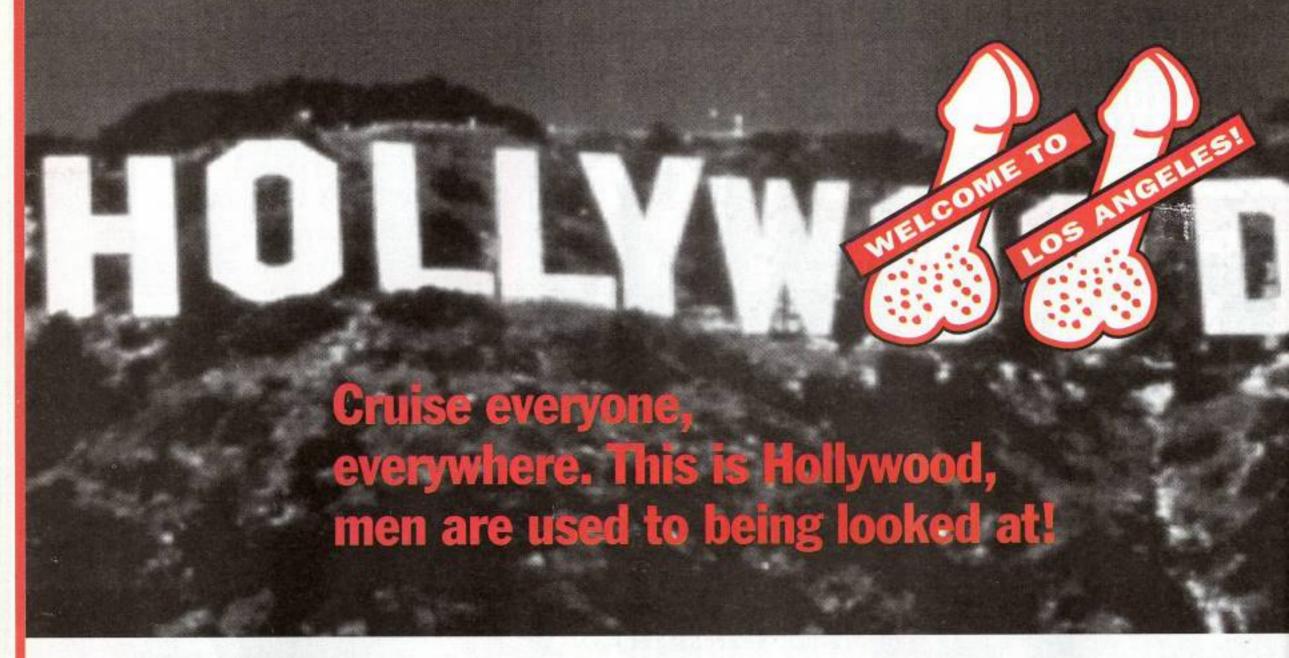
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Cruising Through Los Angeles

BY GHETTO GÜERO

Let's get one thing straight:

Los Angeles is not a land of
leather, it's a land of freeways.

You must drive everywhere.

And while it may not possess
the excitement and street life
of cities like New York and San

Francisco, L.A. has a sexual
energy all its own.

Most people think of Los Angeles as having two gay neighborhoods: Silverlake and West Hollywood (WeHo). Silverlake is generally thought of as the levi/leather area and WeHo as the land of pretty boys. In Silverlake, the men have facial hair and come in all shapes and sizes, ages and colors; in WeHo, you'll notice an obvious lack of facial and body hair.

A lot of the men in Silverlake work out hard and love showing it off; in WeHo you'll find more men with incredibly ripped bodies. Yes, there are men in WeHo, not to mention the boys determined to prove what men they really are. But these are generalizations and, in L.A., you can find any type of man in any part of town. And where there's men, there's sex — especially in this town where it seems half the men are on weekly testosterone injections and would probably hump a snake if it laid still long enough.

Now that you know the two prime neighborhoods, let's turn to specifics. In L.A., sex can be found at bars, baths, clubs, stores, restaurants, gyms and parks, to name a few places. Cruise everyone, everywhere. This is Hollywood, men are used to being looked at!

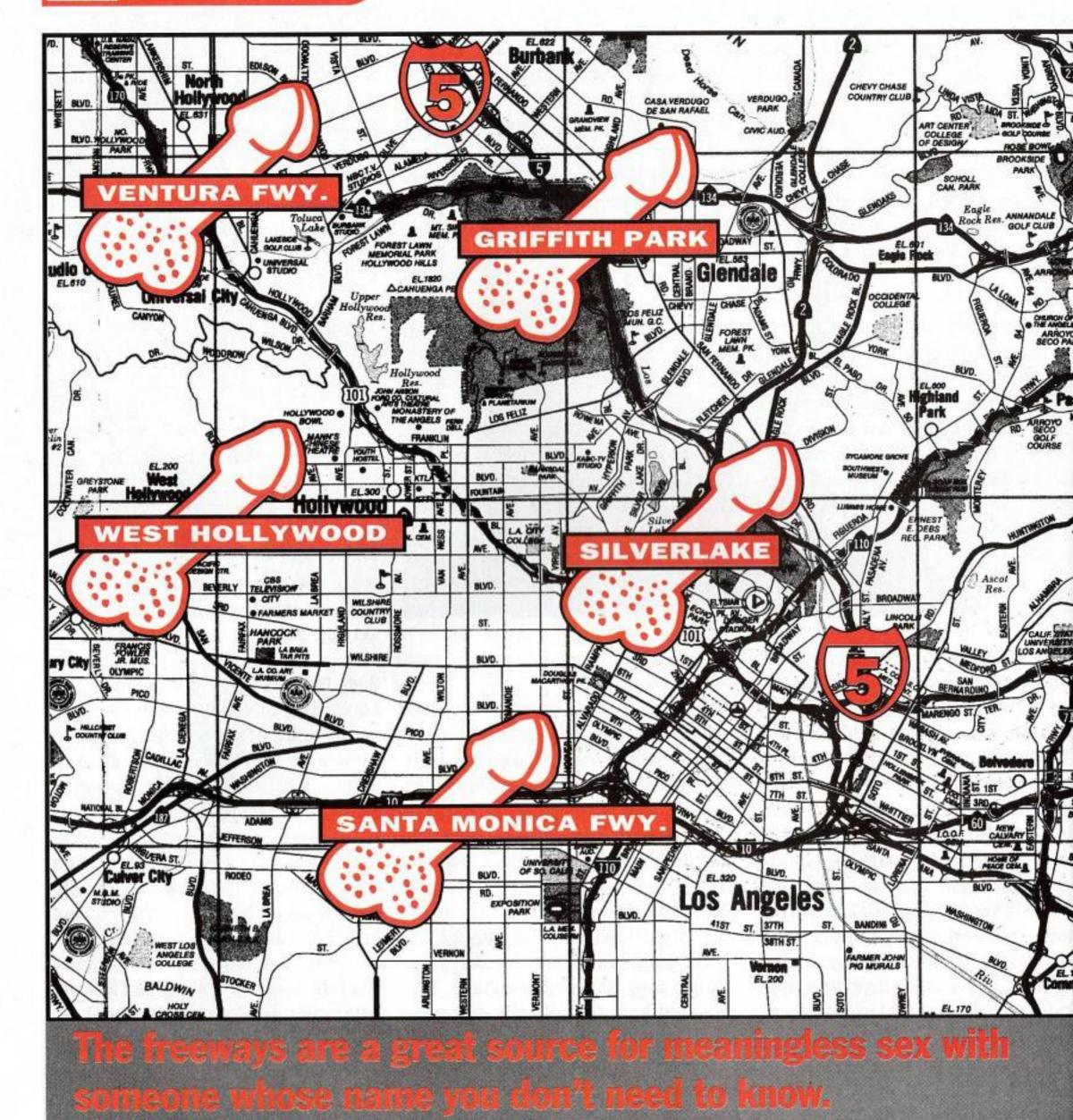
Leather Bars

As big as L.A. is, you won't fine bars with leather men in them a any hour of any day. However you will find Thursday nights to be as productive, if not more so than Fridays and Saturday (although Saturday is busy every where), and Sunday afternoon beer busts provide the easiest se of all. There's no way to do justic to all the bars in L.A., but som are more likely to provide the sor of sex and men we're after. As i other cities, the bars in L.A. ar not always in the finest neighbor hoods. Be aware of your surround ings and, when in doubt, err o the side of caution.

Cuffs

Thursdays through Sundays are the busiest nights, but you can fin Silverlake men wanting sex on an

AD VENTURES



World Gym

Formerly the Athletic Club, World Gym gets a much hotter crowd of men than its next door neighbor the "Sports Erection." World has all the equipment you'll need plus an outdoor weight room, pool (nude sunbathing), sauna, Jacuzzi and steam room. The steam room gets active and is worth the price of a day pass

(it's cleaned daily at 8 am, noon and 2 p.m., so avoid those times).

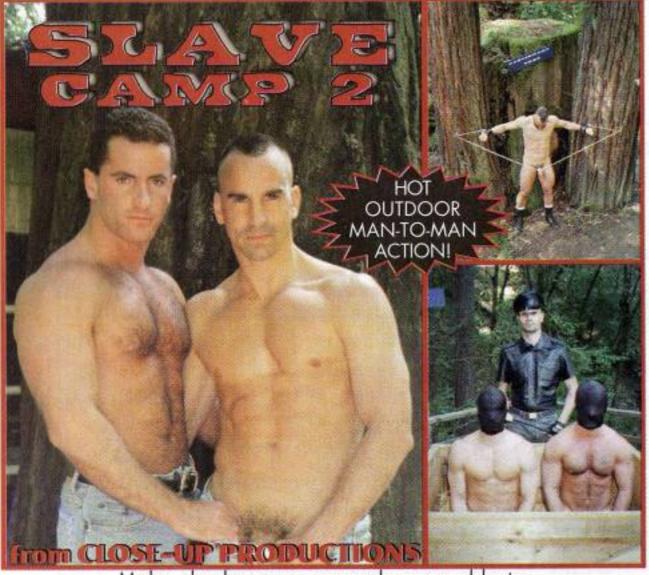
Around Town

Sex At Any Speed

The freeways are a great source for meaningless sex with someone whose name you don't need to know. I picked up my last trucker on the Ventura Freeway on a Thursday evening. And a friend of mine has gotte laid twice in the last month by guys I met driving on the 710 and the 5 freeway

Eat Beat

The French Market Restaurant in Welnot only has one of the most popul and cruisy restaurants in town, it als has a card shop where you can me the daddy you cruised at lunch.

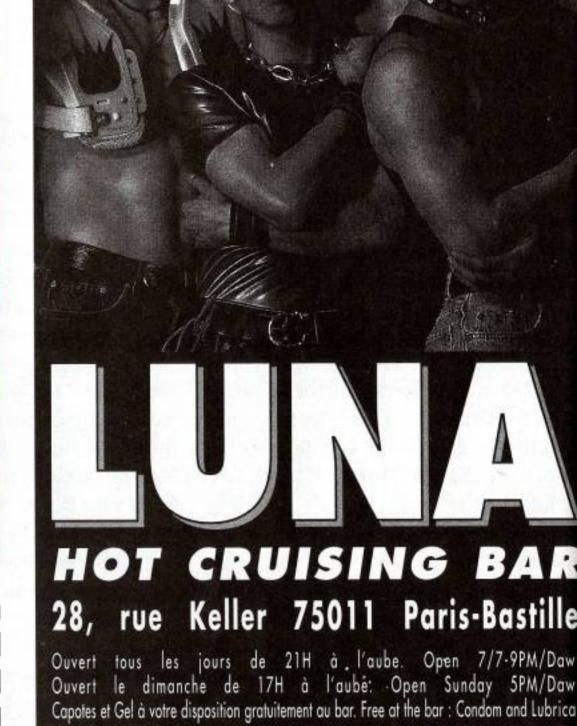


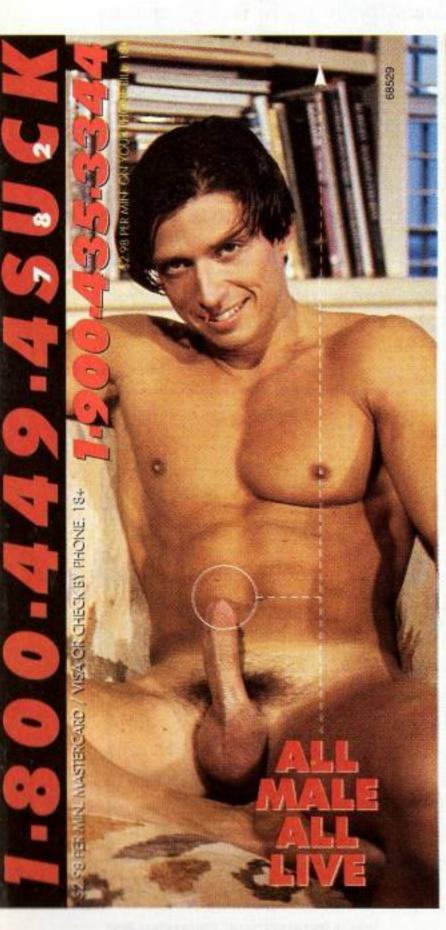
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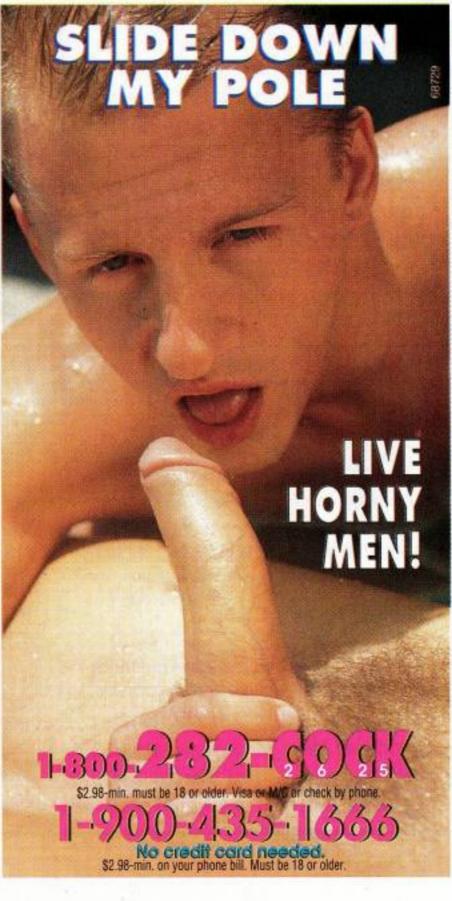
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CAMP 2









he has what he believes is the world's largest library of gay erotic videos, 5,300 of them, including 1,500 jackoff videos produced by his own company.

Today three of those videos run simultaneously throughout the day, providing atmosphere and inspiration for the army of men who troop in to stroke each other's poles and sink into a reverie of lust and pleasure.

Three times a week (and soon every night), Call opens "The Warehouse," a large garage space behind the Circle J that's more sex club than theater proper. Here men gather in solo scenes, couples, clusters and large groups, according to each individual's preference, to do the cool jerk. Clothes check is mandatory, and hands are everywhere, caressing, tweaking and grabbing not just cocks but whatever body part catches their fancy. It's total Sensaround if you want it.

The Warehouse is decidedly different from Circle J proper, not to mention different from most gay porn houses, in that mixing it up with a lot of guys at once is encouraged. There's no furtiveness here and little privacy. The invisible barriers a lot of guys throw around themselves at most sex places, by and large don't exist here. If it's not quite all for one and one for all, it's definitely many for one and one for many.

Circle J is also decidedly different from most jackoff clubs, the majority of which are not businesses but informal groups of guys who get together once a week or once a month to beat their meat, or have others beat it for them, while grooving on the sweat and energy of men out to celebrate their sexuality.

San Francisco Jacks, for example, has been meeting once a month in a rented space for the past 13 years. Unlike Circle J, the Jacks don't run videos, relying totally on each other to provide visual excitement. Even more than Circle J, personal interaction is encouraged. Hugging, kissing and other displays of affection and sensuality are almost a requirement, conversation is just fine and a lot of guys look on each other as friends. In fact, a recent article

referred to the Jacks as the Elks Club of the local sex scene, a benevolent and protective order of masturbators.

So how do you find a place to go? If you're in a major city, you've got any number of choices, from porn houses and sex clubs like those mentioned above to a few wild bars where you can drop both your inhibitions and your pants. Ever been to Hole in the Wall in San Francisco? They'll kick you out for sucking dick, but goddamn if some nights there's not a whole bench full of patriotic guys with their flags at half staff and somebody else giving them a proper salute.

But if you're in a smaller town, or one that's not quite so open, your only choice is likely to be local clubs equivalent to San Francisco Jacks. Finding clubs is easier than you think. Start by scouring the local gay publications, especially the classifieds since not many private clubs have the money to pay for display ads. You might also check more general sex rags, aimed primarily at straight audiences. Sometimes they're the only publications that will accept notices of a specific sexual nature.

You can also surf the Internet or local gay and sex bulletin boards if you have

a computer and modem. Computer networks have become the best source for information on all sorts of gay organizations, sexual or otherwise. And you can ask other gay men, particularly bartenders, or look for index cards posted on bar bulletin boards and flyers left on top of cigarette machines. You might even find a number scrawled on a men's room wall. It happens.

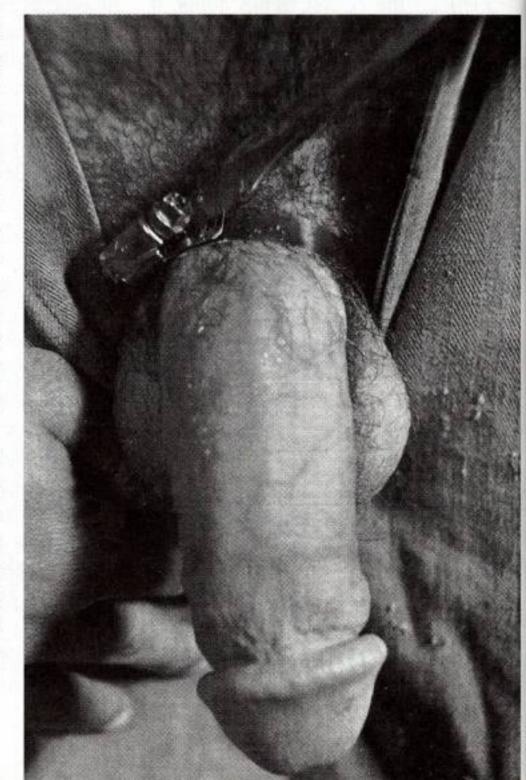
If you absolutely can't find anything in your area and you're not content to wait until your next visit to the big city, you might want to consider starting a club of your own. It doesn't take

much - a place to meet, a few ads of your own in the same places mentioned above, a contact number. . .and some men. Two will do, at least to get things going. But unless your town is really tiny or in Iran or something, you'll probably find there's more interest than you imagine.

Once the appointed night arrives, you might consider having some lube on hand, plus a wash basin and towels, or towelettes if plumbing isn't in the cards. If you expect people to hang around a while - which is, after all, part of the point - refreshments would be nice. And a toilet sure wouldn't hurt, with maybe a monitor. A cleanup crew could be useful, too - the floor can get awfully sticky.

Even though San Francisco Jacks say otherwise, many men find a little art sometimes helps get things going. Biblical scenes are nice - Adam tempted by the serpent, David beating Goliath, Moses revealing the 10 from God, Joshua blowing his horn, Lot and the salty pillar. You know the kind of thing. Helps create a properly reverent atmosphere.

The Jacks also insist on total nudity, but not all jackoff clubs do. Flexibility



inscribed to my friend who at that moment was somewhere over the Atlantic ocean. As I sat down to read from the book and jerk off, I felt as if I'd built up all the context of reading an erotic letter written expressly for me by a lover; I was actively engaging not just the text itself and its erotic content, but the author. In many ways, I felt as if I were not alone; there was definitely something different about this solo sex session I'd set up.

Most people are uncomfortable admitting to masturbating. There is a certain derisive stigma against jerking off, an implication that someone who has to jerk off can't get laid. Masturbating, I never do anything I don't like: my grip is never too rough or not hard enough, my tempo never too fast or too slow. In my fantasies, I can do all the things I might not do or want to do in my actual sex life: impossible acts, unsafe things, uncomfortable things. I can rape or be raped, in my head, I can top myself.

Though I am alone here, book in hand and wearing a dead man's leather, it was not solitude with an absence of others I felt; I was in a space where I could be with those men I could never have sex with in real life; it was just myself and John Preston, myself and Mr. Benson.

I abandoned myself completely to the experience, which is what Preston—and any pornographer—urges you to do with their erotic fiction, that invitation: open your mind and try this at home.

Piercing As Solo Sex

by Cirus

Placing the tip against my skindragging it back and forth. Feeling it pressing into flesh-and stop. Just a tease. Pull it around some more-then it presses hard but slow sinking into my body. It has a hot tight sting. I can feel it go though all the layers of skin. Slowly. I can feel the texture of my own flesh. Then it starts to tent on the other side, pushing the skin, straining to get out. The point comes through, relieving the pressure. The needle now lays across and through my skin. I can feel my blood pulse with my heart through the area. Body awareness, body consciousness. I can feel the skin stretched and pinched by the needle. It tethers me to my body, it makes it next to impossible to be unconscious of movement. Sometimes I will put monofiliment through the fresh piercings and hang weights off the line. As I move, the weight dangles freely-tugging on my skin, brushing cold against my flesh. Placed right, one weight grazes lazily across my chest to tease my already pierced nipple. Any small movement seems amplified. A twitch becomes a tremor.

Sometimes there is blood. Even with properly done surface to surface play piercings—sometimes I hit something that will bleed. When I pull out the needle the blood runs down my body. The blood is sensual—hot and alive. It gives

what I've done punctuation, gives me another type of release. It has a visceral quality that gives me a rush and makes me feel vital. Just because we are not supposed to play with other peoples blood certainly doesn't mean that we can't enjoy our own. I taste it, smell it, smear it across my body.

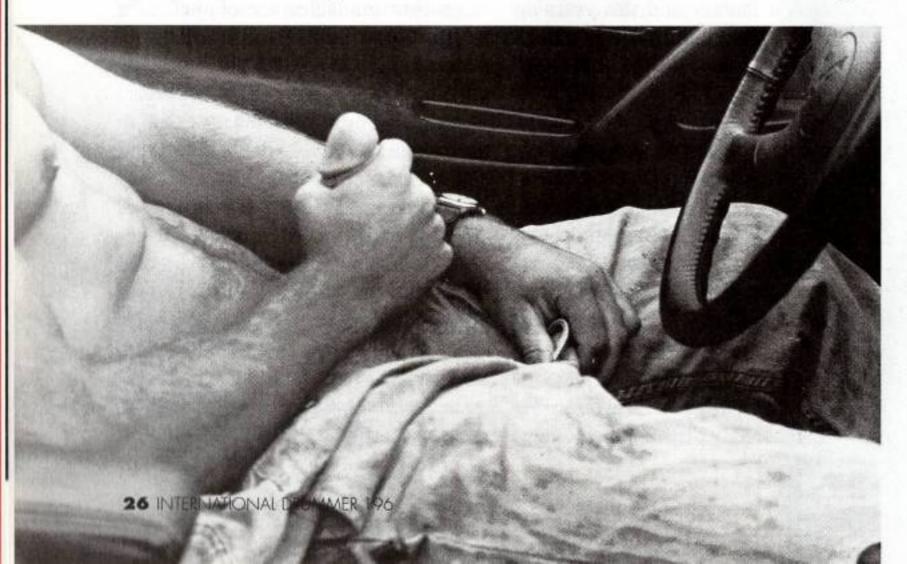
Piercing, like a lot of other types of SM gives me body oriented ritual. A reclaiming of my own flesh. It is a good medium for focus and meditation, as choosing to pick up a piece of steel and press it through my own skin takes a certain amount of self control. It is a totally sexual and sensual process that at the same time does not necessarily involve my dick. It is great solo play and self exploration. It is a good way for me to test my own limits and desires, and to become more comfortable with and aware of my own body.

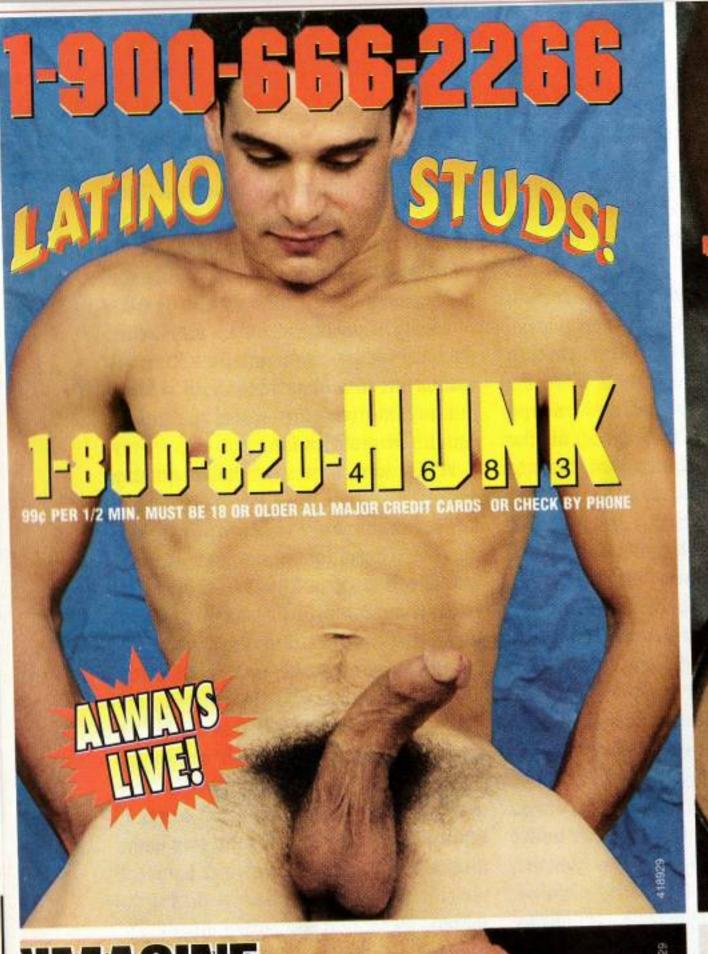
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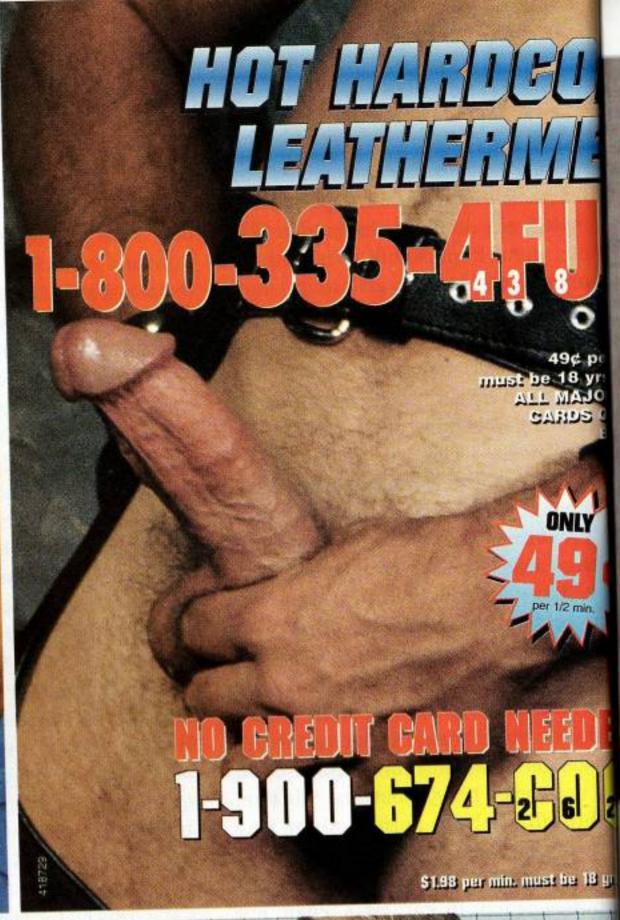
By Michael Decker

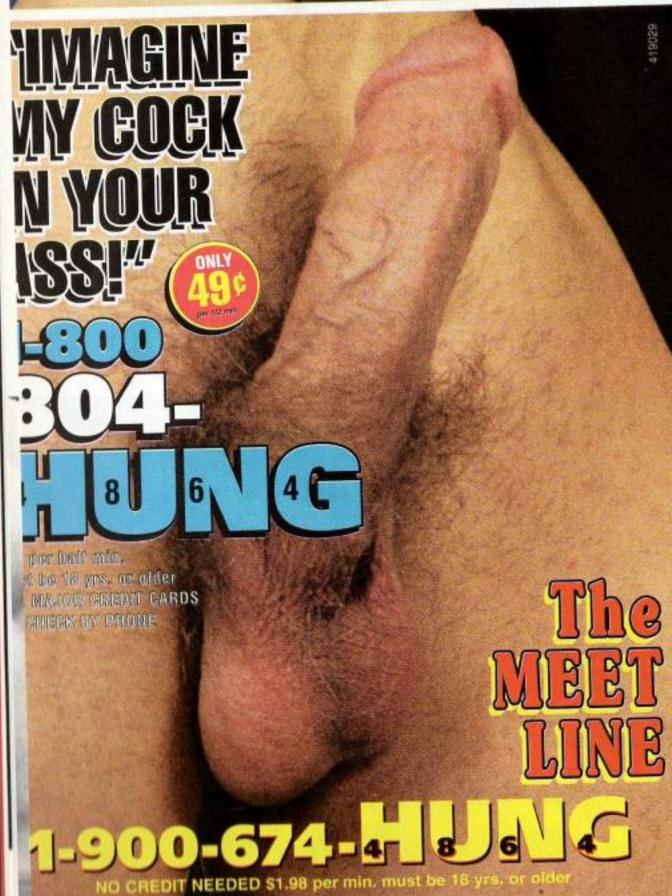
When I masturbate, I become one with my crotch, I am its slave, there is nothing else. Sensations converge, my soul quiets, I'm drawn inward, my eyes taped shut. Pulse quickening and breaths shortening. Vivid fantasies in sharp focus play out against the blackness of my sightless eyes. Visions of elbows pulled sharply back and taped together. Of wrists and hands squeezed tight, useless, cocooned in silver tape. Of a fine wire noose sinking, biting into a defenseless throat, the hog tie pulled taut from ankles bowed painfully. These beloved and time tested images exhilarate my fight and strengthen my resistance. I smell my own pungent fear. The sweat seeping from armpits and crotch forms cold pools on wrinkled latex. Fantasies of death, fear, and vulnerability electrify me, my crotch involuntarily rocks metronome-like.

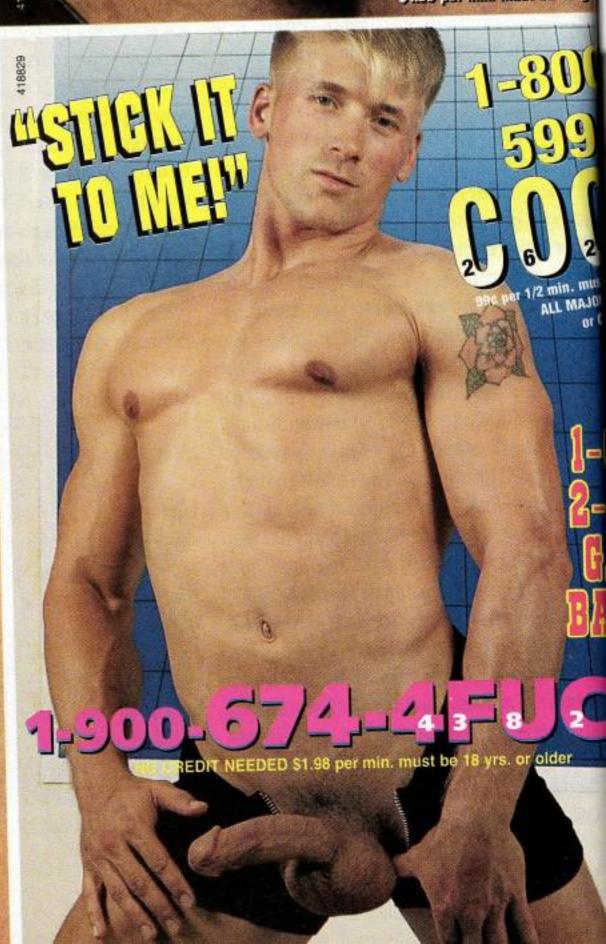
I am alone, hog tied, ankles cinched back, clipped to the leather harness constricting my waist. Lying naked on

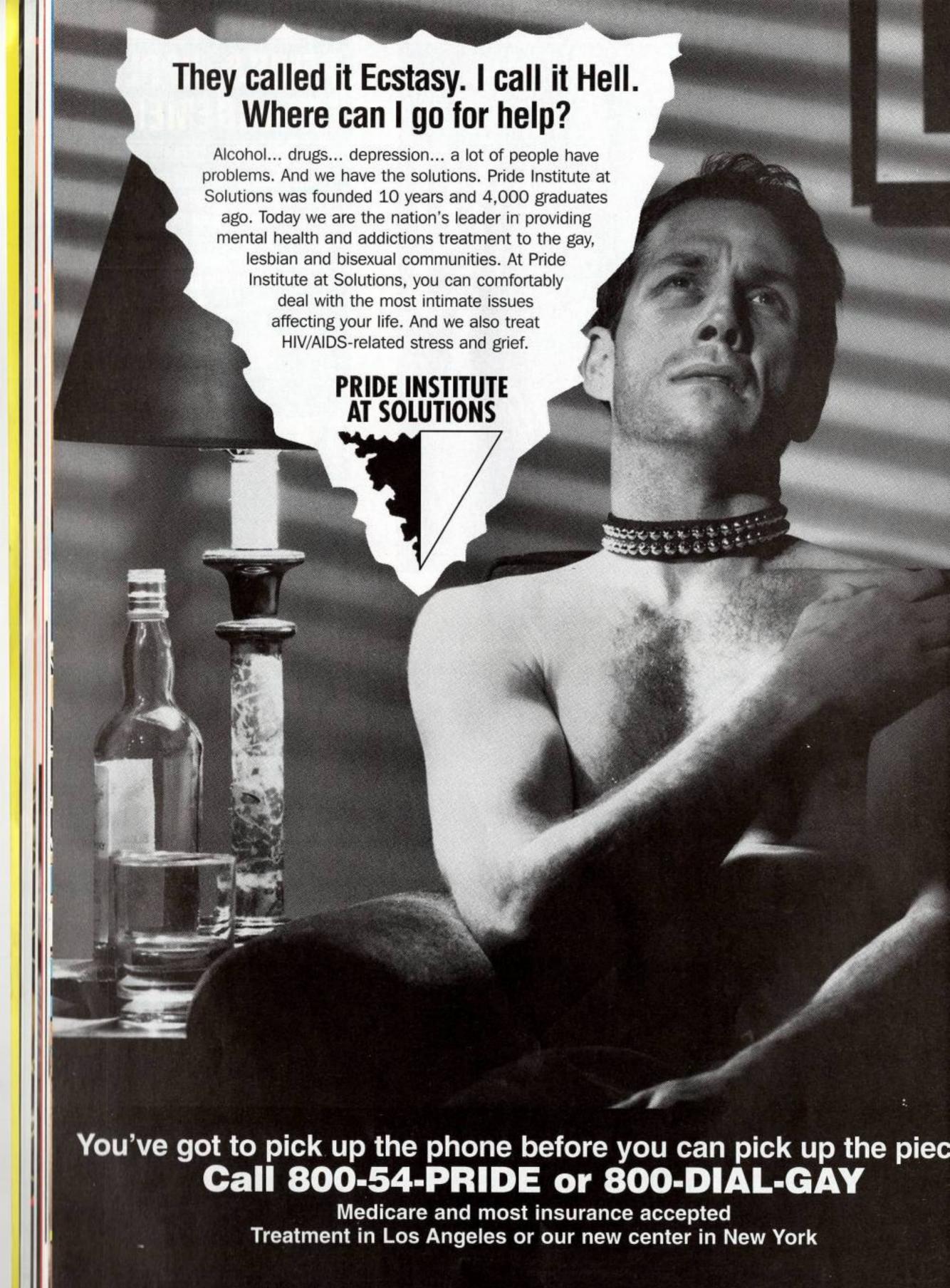


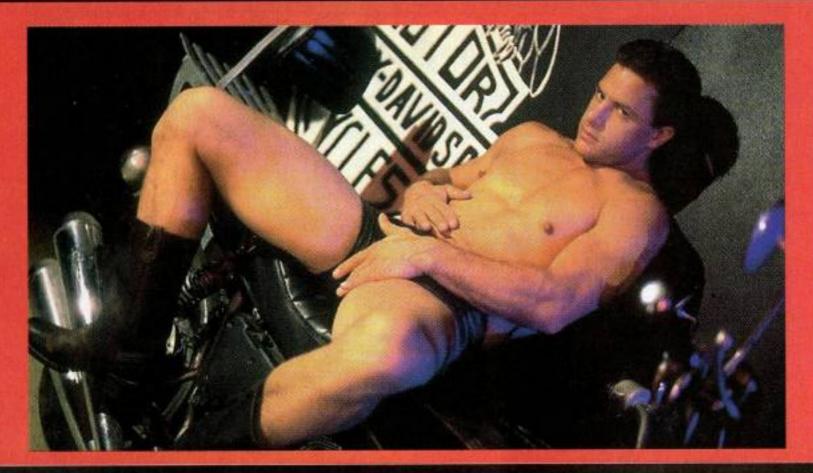








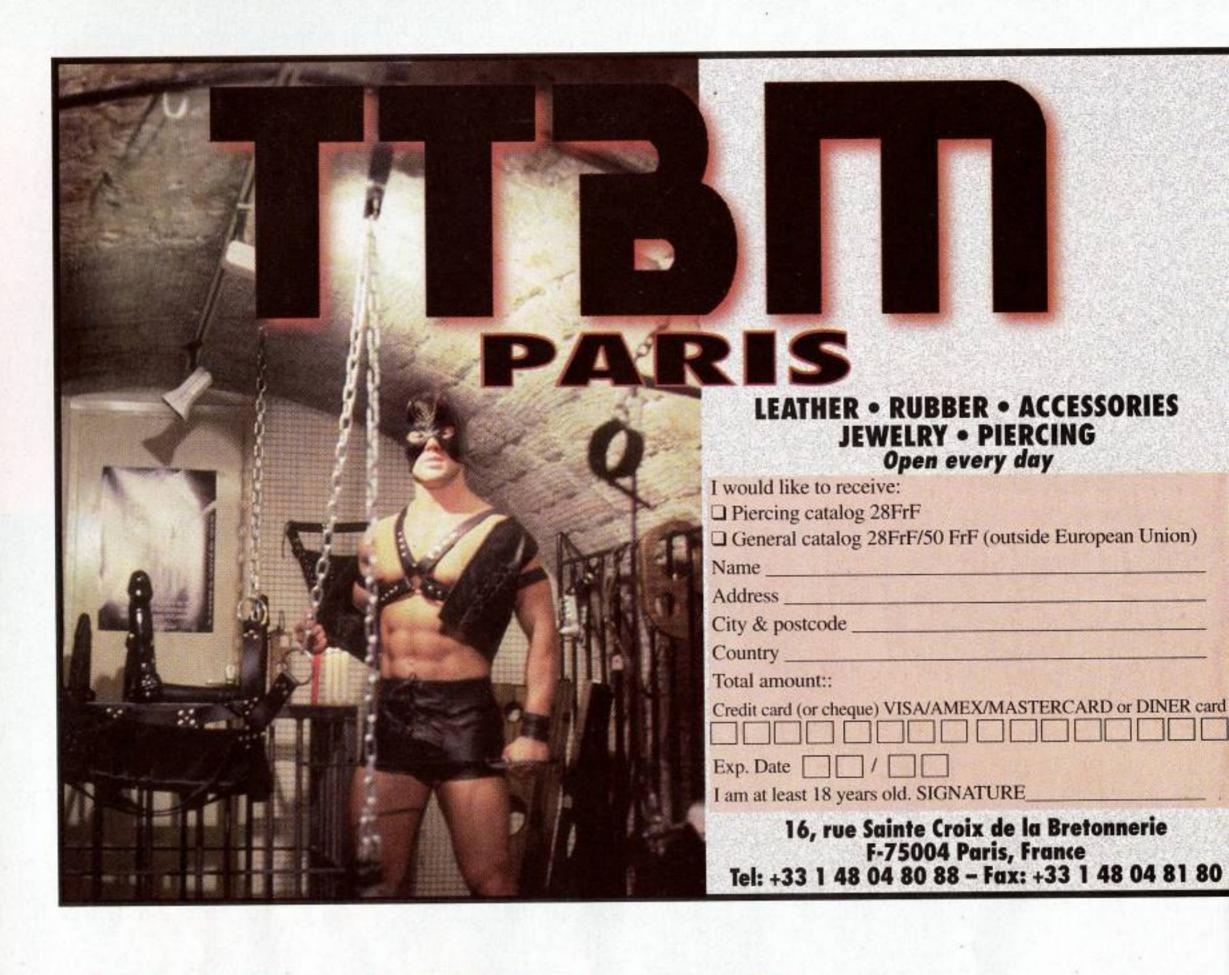


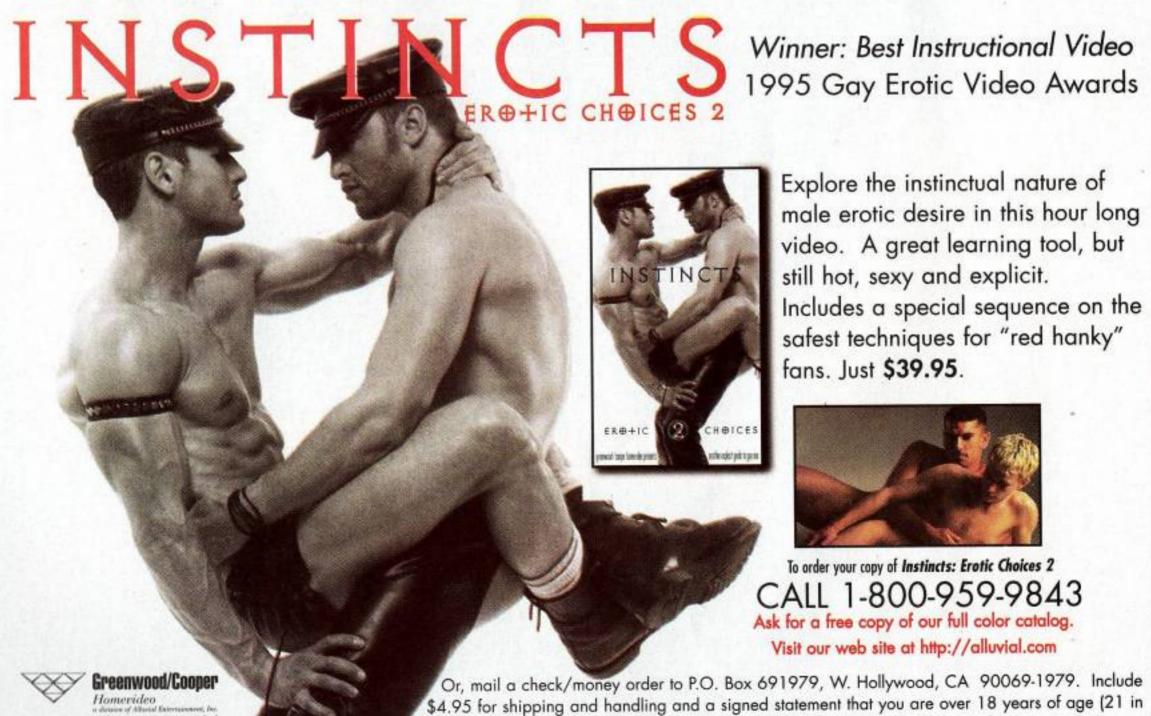






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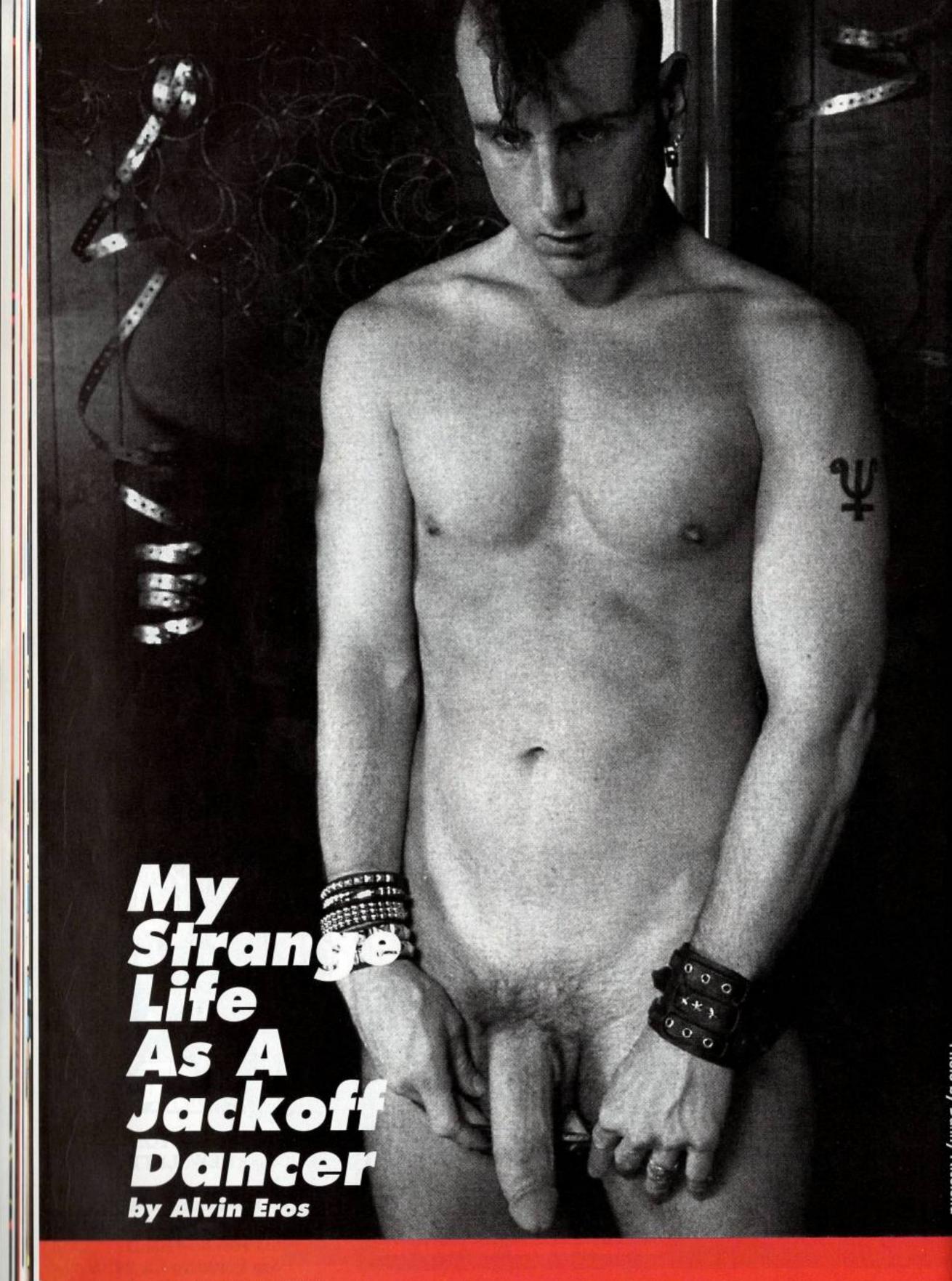




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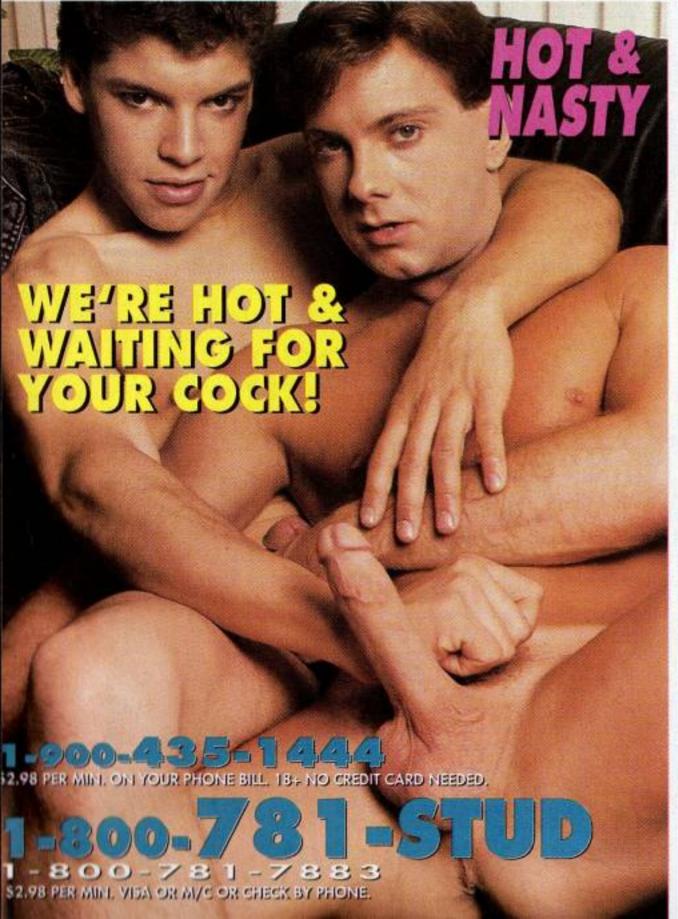
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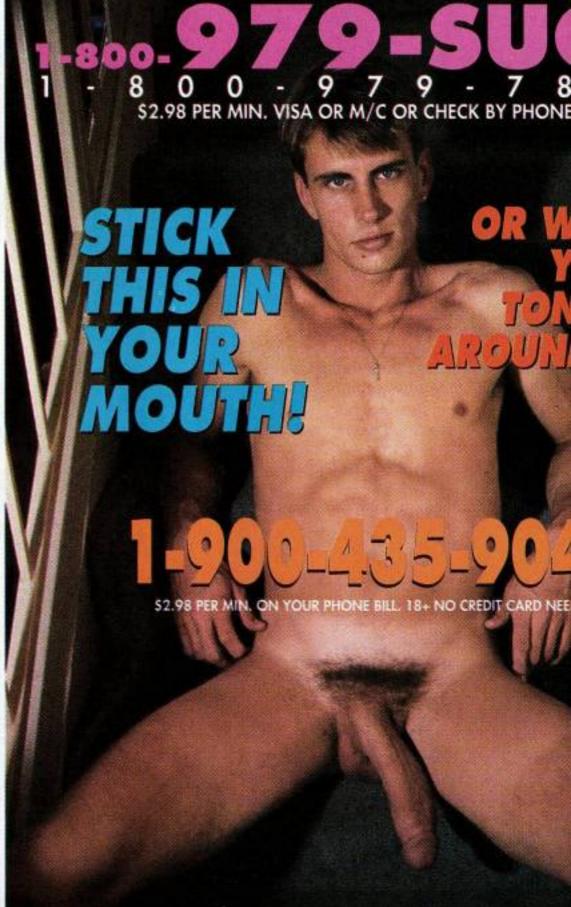
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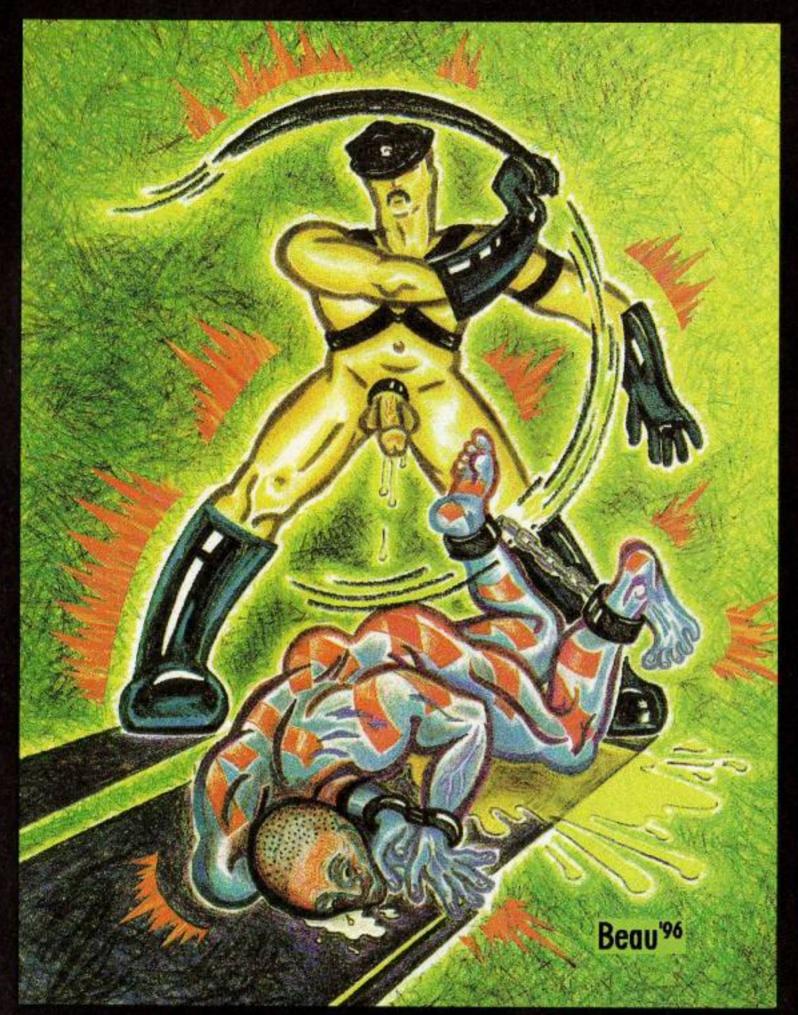
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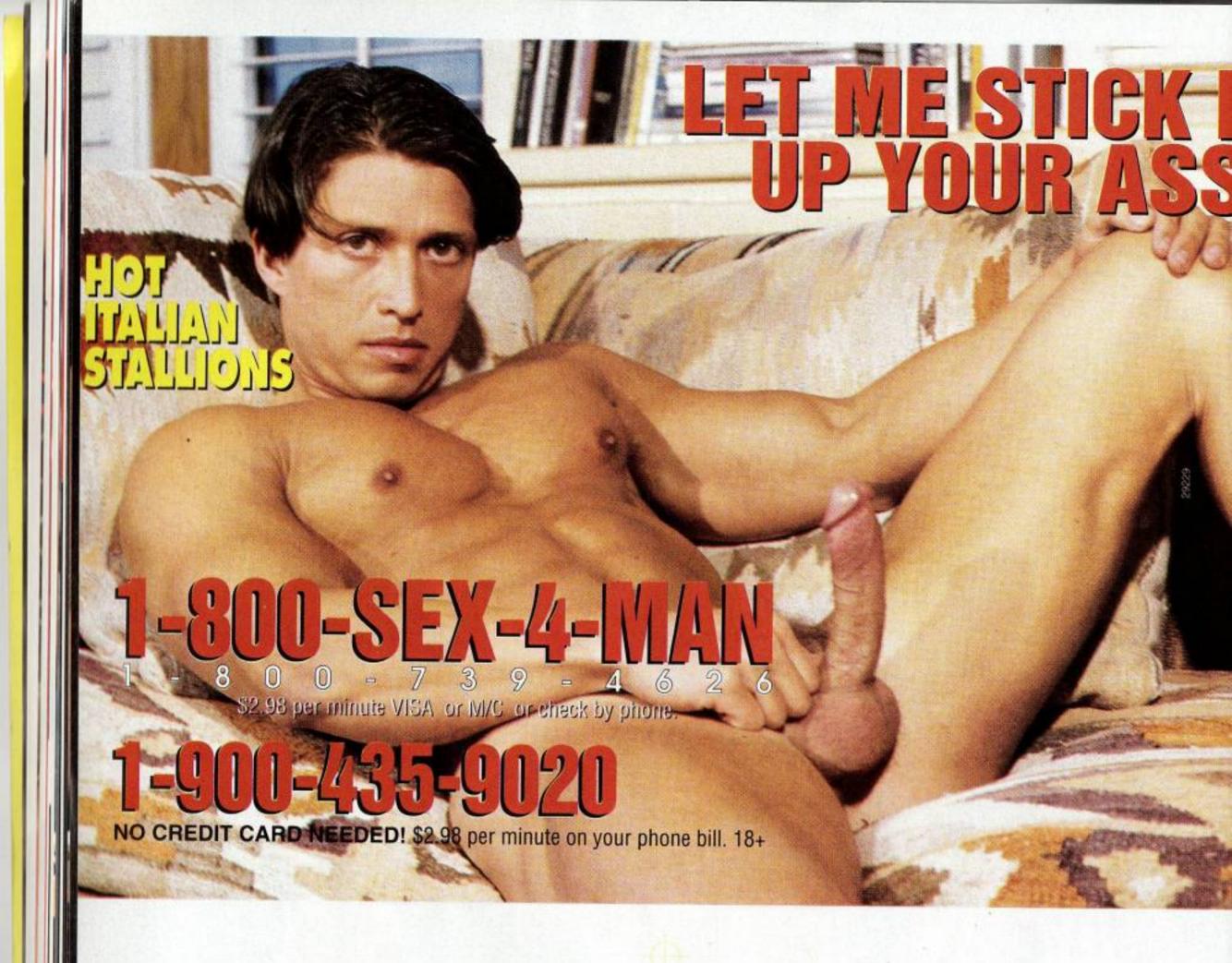


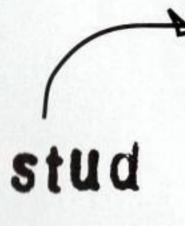
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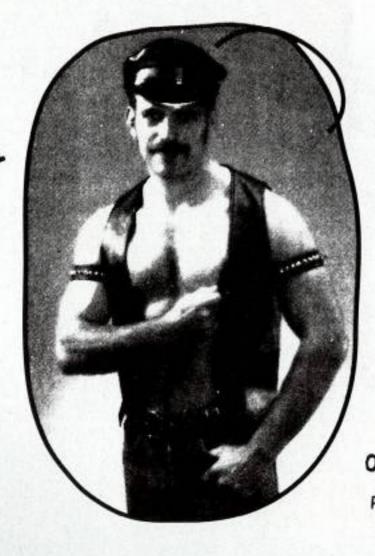


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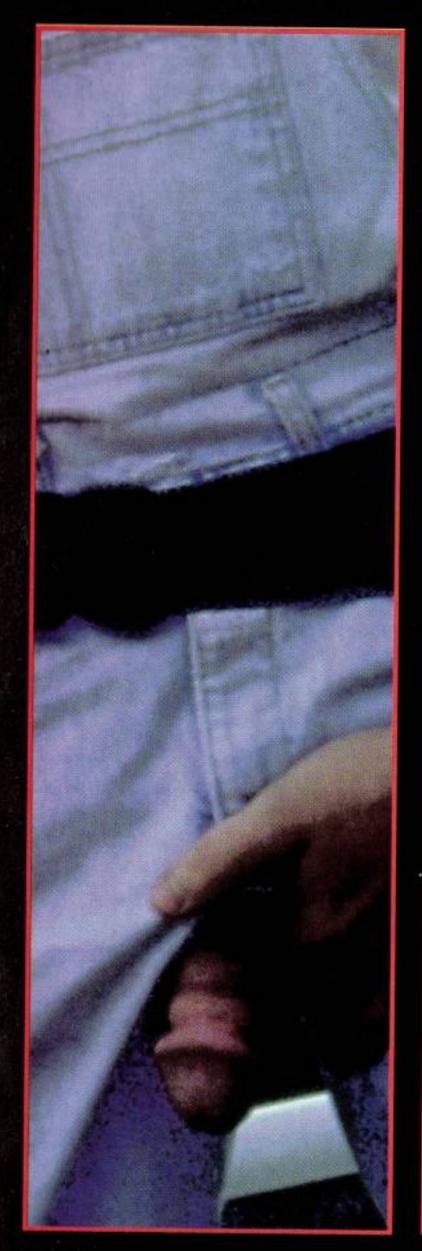
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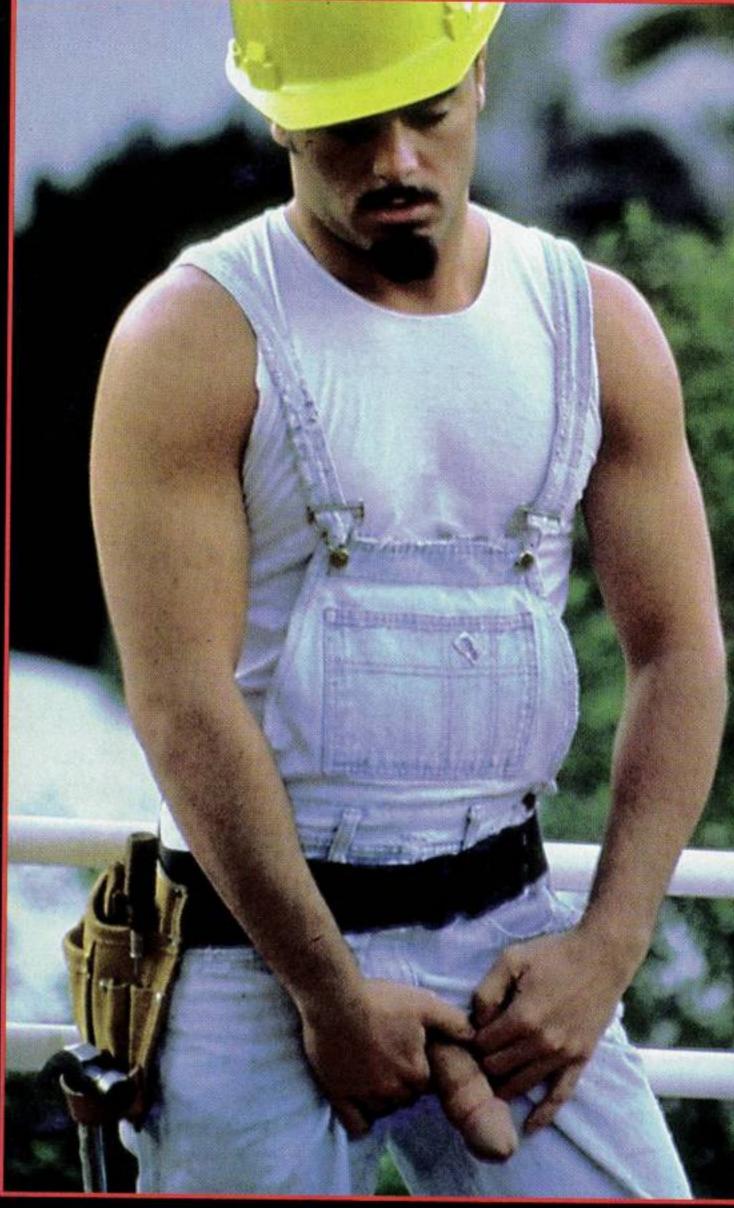
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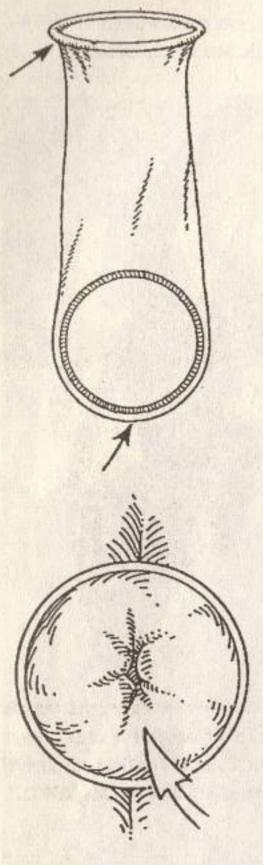






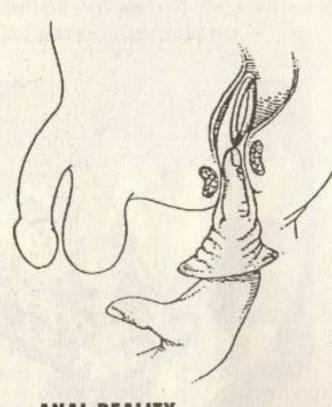


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The judges, and those who know winner Joe Gallagher, share my opinion that this dynamic man deserves high praise. We're all looking forward to a great year with the new



ANAL REALITY

Use the index finger to carefully push the small-ringed end of the Reality condom in the anus securely past the sphincter muscle. The larger-ringed opening remains outside to accommodate the top's cock or tongue. Caution is advised with fingering; nails should be maximally trimmed and filed.

International Mr. Leather. Congratulations to all of this year's contestants, they are all an inspiration to our leather community.

Condoms for Bottoms

CHICAGO

Advocates say a condom designed for women is as effective as standard male condoms in preventing transmission of HIV during anal sex. Although the Federal Drug Administration has approved the condom only for contraception, in response to pressure from the gay and medical communities the health departments of several cities, including Philadelphia, Seattle, Chicago and San Francisco, have begun distributing the product to gay men.

Manufactured by the Chicago-based Female Health Company under the brand name Reality, the product is sold without prescription at drugstores. But because of the FDA position, the manufacturer cannot advertise or market the device for males to use for HIV prevention. Nonetheless, more and more gay men have been buying it. Unlike standard condoms, the Reality condom is worn by the bottom rather than the top.

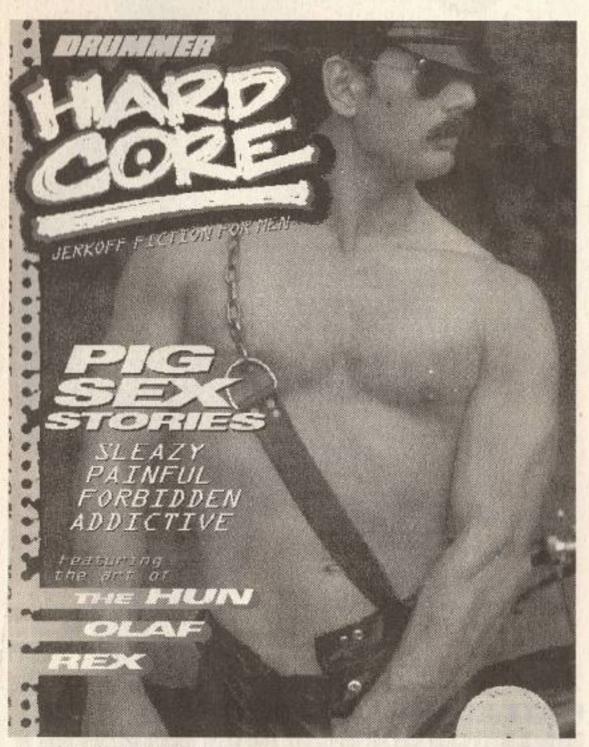
Advocates say the device has several advantages over standard condoms, the most significant being that it gives control to the bottom, the partner most at risk of HIV infection. In addition, because it can, if desired, be put in place several hours before having sex, wearers need not worry about a lastminute lapse of judgment leading to unprotected anal sex, a major concern with standard condoms. As for waiting until sex to use the Reality condom, whereas many men find the process of putting a condom on the top disruptive, the insertion of the Reality condom can readily become part of the top's ritual of loosening the bottom for penetration.

Because the Reality condom is made of polyurethane rather than latex, it can be used with any kind of lubricant, including oil-based. Anecdotal evidence indicates minimal loss of sensation the top, with even the who have used to thinnest brands of standard condoms reportion Reality feels much close to "the real thing." To condom also protest against passage of creatosporidium and parasiduring rimming.

The product has seve drawbacks, however. T first is the price. approximately \$3 each Reality is five to 10 tin more expensive than sta dard condoms, particula given that regular co doms are often availa free at bars, bookstor bathhouses and sex cli in many cities. The S Francisco Health I partment gives the co doms away, but they available only on requ and only at city clini Although physicians n prescribe the condom, f insurance plans will rei burse for uses unrelated contraception.

Another drawback the slightly more comp cated procedure for u The condom consists an approximately thr inch tube with a sm plastic ring at the top a a larger ring at the b tom. The user slips index finger through main opening, then pu es the device into anus until the smal ring is secured beyond anal sphincter. The m opening hangs or re outside awaiting insert of the partner's cock.

Inserting the dev properly may take pr tice. Especially proble



A NEW DRUMMER TITLE

Desmodus, Inc., publisher of International Drummer magazine and Drummer Tough Customers, announced that it will publish a new, all-fiction magazine. The first issue of the new publication, Drummer HardCore, will be on newsstands in July. The magazine, which will be published twice yearly, features book reviews by Jasper Jenks, illustrations by Olaf, the Hun and Rex, and jerk off fiction from seven authors. Among them is John Payne who was featured in the first issue of International Drummer.

Marino, Finland, Luxembourg, Malta, Austria,
Norway, Liechtenstein and
Italy - did not participate
in the preliminary round,
making it difficult to predict the outcome of the
final hearing, which
should occur this summer.

To contribute to the cause, contact the Spanner Defense Fund via e-mail at spanner@honour.demon.c o.uk. For updated information, check Countdown on Spanner on the World Wide Web at http://www.-csv.warwick.ac.uk/-esrhi/span1.html.

Pubs Retract SM Club Ban

After an intense public relations campaign by the gay community, Bass Taverns lifted a ban on SM and fetish groups meeting in its pubs. The ban followed in the wake of visits by the Metropolitan Police Area 1 club and vice squad to safe sex workshops at Club 180, a Bass-owned pub in the Earls Court section of London. The workshops were sponsored by SM

Gays, the Sadie Maisie Club and GUMMI, a rubber fetish organization. Although police found no grounds for making arrests, they objected to demonstrations of condom use and SM practices.

Bowing to apparent police pressure, Bass subsequently banned the groups from Club 180 as well as 18 other companyowned British gay pubs. Bass, a subsidiary of Bass Charrington, maker of Bass Ale and one of the largest brewers in Britain, owns hundreds of pubs throughout the United Kingdom. It also holds the drink concession for this year's Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual and Transgender Pride festival.

The clubs, along with other gay, SM and fetish organizations, initiated a media campaign, while members of Outrage, a gay political action group, threatened to zap Club 180. Support grew for a boycott of London's 11 Bass-owned gay bars. The Pride Trust, organizers of the annual Pride festival, said it could not rescind the contract for this year's festival because it would mean losing the 100,000 Pounds Bass had invested in the event, but the organization made it clear Bass would receive no future contracts if it did not back down. The contract is estimated to be worth at least 500,000 Pounds.

The campaign resulted in a formal apology from Bass and an offer to support safer sex education within the SM community. The clubs, meanwhile, located other venues for their activities and said they would not return to Bass pubs.

Pierced Lips, Pink Slips SOUTHENDON-SEA

British comedians may be famous for off-color jokes, but English TV entertainer Jim Davidson apparently has little tolerance for real life extremes. The comedian forced the dismissal of gay theater technician Edward James from a production of the adult pantomime Sinderella because James' piercings upset him. At the time of his dismissal, James had 84 piercings, including 20 on his face and two in his nipples. The majority. however, were presumably not visible to the fainthearted Davidson, who might well have passed on from shock had he been exposed to the 64 piercings James has in the region of his genitals.

Police Act on Porn Mailing List

The newspaper Gay Times warned its readers that the Child Pornography and Paedophile Unit of New Scotland Yard obtained a copy of the mailing list from AVN, an Amsterdam-based video and publishing company. The police reportedly visited several people whose names were on the list and confiscated material. They apparently did not make any arrests.

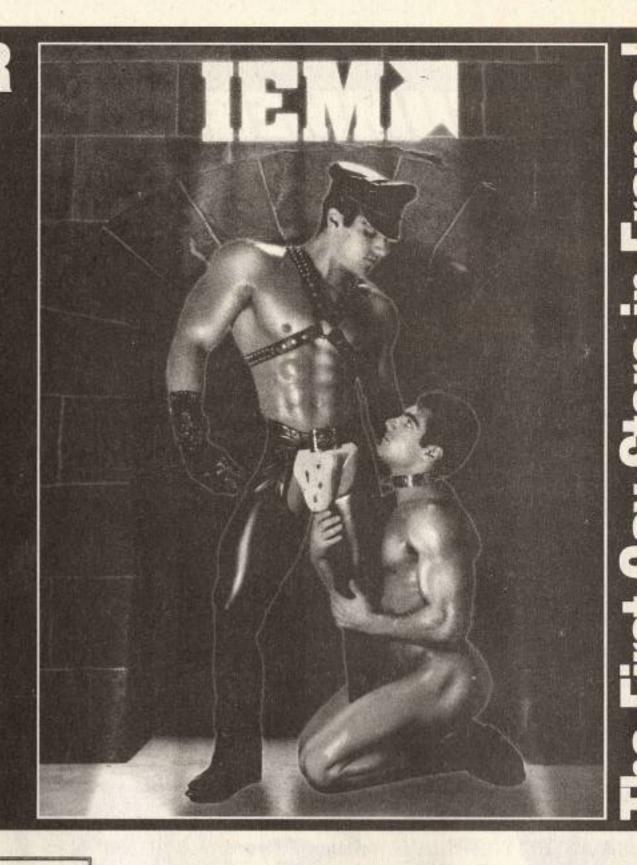
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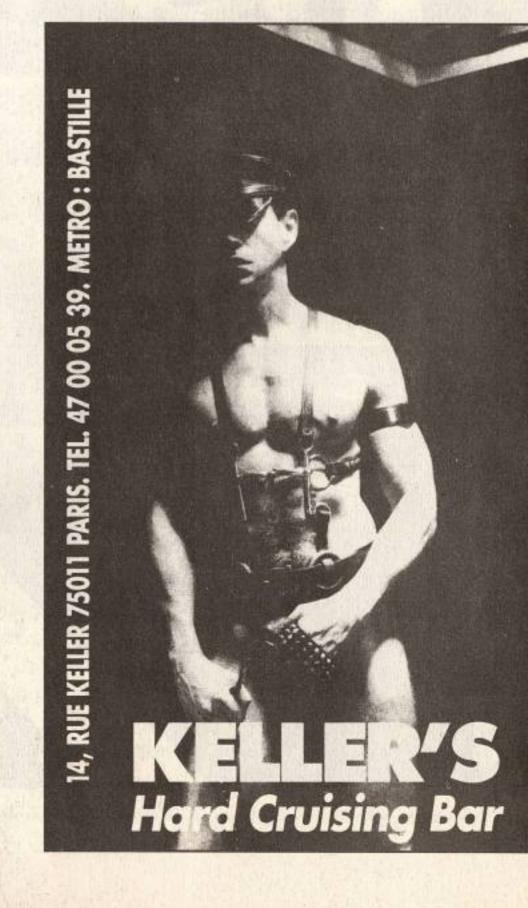
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color, and the trangendered – for
over two hundred years, if "Gay by
the Bay"has a drawback it is that it
attempts to cover too much and so
fails to delve into any era or community in any great depth. It is, more
than anything else, an outline of
queer history that touches on as
many historical moments and individuals as possible, leaving in depth
analysis for others.

The book at times reads like a Who's Who in Queer American History. Both the Mattachine Society and the Daughters of Bilitis were head-quartered in San Francisco, earning it the notoriety of being the nation's gay capital in a 1964 "Life" magazine article, an article that also featured one of San Francisco's first leather bars, the Tool Box.

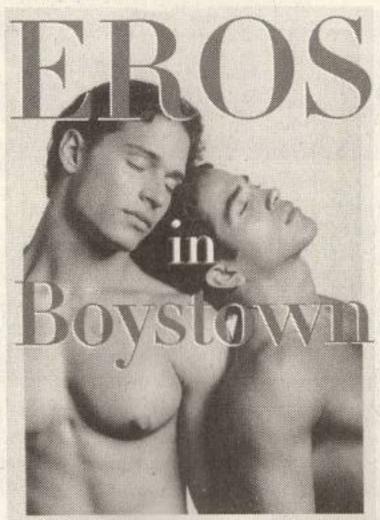
San Francisco's leather history is covered, but only superficially. The scapegoating of the SM/leather community at the beginning of the AIDS epidemic is mentioned, as well as the formation of the first gay bike clubs and lesbian SM organizations. A flyer from the City's first leather bar, the Why Not, is shown, depicting a surprisingly contemporary leather man, suggesting just how deeply our sexual icons reach us.

This book is well worth reading, and worth buying.

Eros in Boystown

Contemporary Gay Poems About Sex edited Michael Lassell. Published by Crown Publishers, 201 East 50th Street, New York, New York, 10022. \$12.00

John Preston made a point of calling what he wrote pornography rather than erotica, insisting that calling it something else changed neither its content nor its purpose. I've always admired this bit of literary "negritude" as it forces the writers of "erotica" to drop any literary pretensions they have and admit to the real and respectable goal of pro-



Contemporary Gay Poems About Sex Edited by Michael Lassell

ducing well written porn. "Eros in Boystown," however, admits only to being erotic. Much of it is hearts and flowers, always nice, but some of it is as real and nasty as a guy could want. Many of the poems are filled with the sexual archetypes that have fueled our sexual fantasies for decades, defining them in new and personal ways. This is not hard-core pornography, then, but interpretations of hard-core that stimulate the brain as much as the dick.

Ginsberg, who broke ground with the classic SM poem, "Please Master" in 1968, is represented here with "Punk Rock You're My Big Crybaby," an intense short poem about desire, SM and punk rock. John Giorno's "Pornographic Poem (1965)," about a gang rape by "seven Cuban officers in exile-"captures the mind set of sexual submission without relying on clichés, utilizing a genuine language of desire. Cary Alan Johnson's poem, "The Piercing" best captures the SM experience, calling on images of alchemy, wizardry, and the gaining of self-knowledge through the loss of innocence. It is a poem about transformation through the sexual rites of passage in leather culture, and rich in insight.

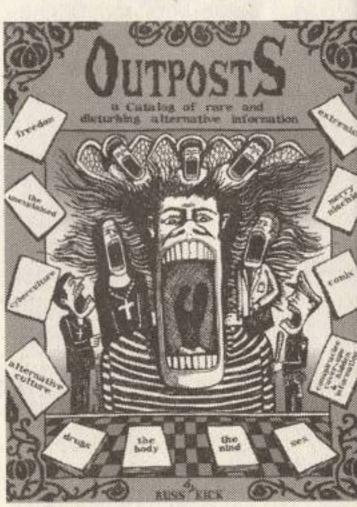
Outposts

A Catalog of Rare and Disturbing Alternative Information by Rus. Kick. Published by Carroll & Graf. Publishers / Richard Kasak Books 260 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York, 10001. \$18.95.

When I first saw the title of this book, I was afraid it would not be what he claimed to be, "a catalog or rare and disturbing alternative information," but a compendium of irresponsible misinformation. Much to my relief, this book is exactly what i proposes to be, "information."

After beginning with "Ai Necessar Unfortunately Disclaimer," the catalog proceeds to cover more territory than seems possible. Divided into sections like Freedom, Alternative Culture, The Body, The Mind, Merry Mischief Extremism, and Sex, Kick, it review over 700 books, periodicals, 'zines CDs and more. Covering as man sides to each story as he can, he addresses books promoting conspi acy theory and those that debunk it both sides of the animal right movement, as well as Fascist propa ganda and its critics.

Of most interest to us, of course is the section on sex. Kick covers lot of ground here, crossing as muc of the polymorpheous perverse te rain as he can. A lot of attention i paid to SM, fetishism, sacred se







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BOOK SECTION

eyes would wander down between the other man's wide-open, pink-clad thighs. The bulge there, not negligible to begin with, had gotten larger as the van clattered over Camp Francisco's crumbing streets. The bound prisoner responded by thrusting his hips forward till his hard dick strained again faded fabric. Eventually, DR-4275 had slipped his hand inside the crotch of his jumpsuit. "PRISONER WILL DESIST FROM SELF-ABUSE!" a disembodied voice commanded. The video camera. Both men's cocks were still erect when the van jolted to a stop.

Except for the bars at the windows and a surveillance camera behind an unbreakable shield, the room would have passed for just another rundown motel room. The door shut behind the two men. The lock clicked shut. From outside.

"I'm MX-931. Call me Max. Who're you?"

"DR-4275."

"DR, huh? Okay, you're Doc."

"So are we gonna be roommates or whatever?"

"Looks like it, Doc. When I got here, years ago, most of us were housed one to a cell. Since then, the government has gotten a lot more efficient at rounding up us queers. The old place is bursting at the seams."

"What happened to the guy who was here before me?"

"Take my word for it, Doc. You don't wanna know."

"And the Born-agains don't mind that we're. . . " he glanced at the room's single rumpled queen-sized bed.

"Nah, they don't care whether we sleep together. They don't care what queers do, just as long as we only do it with one another. And as long as we're under their control. I'm quite sure that some of them get their rocks off watching us." MX-931 pointed at the surveillance camera. "What do you say we give 'em something to look at?"

Max walked over to Doc and in one quick motion unzipped the purple jumpsuit. Doc's meat sprang to full attention.

"Nice dick. Real nice dick," Max

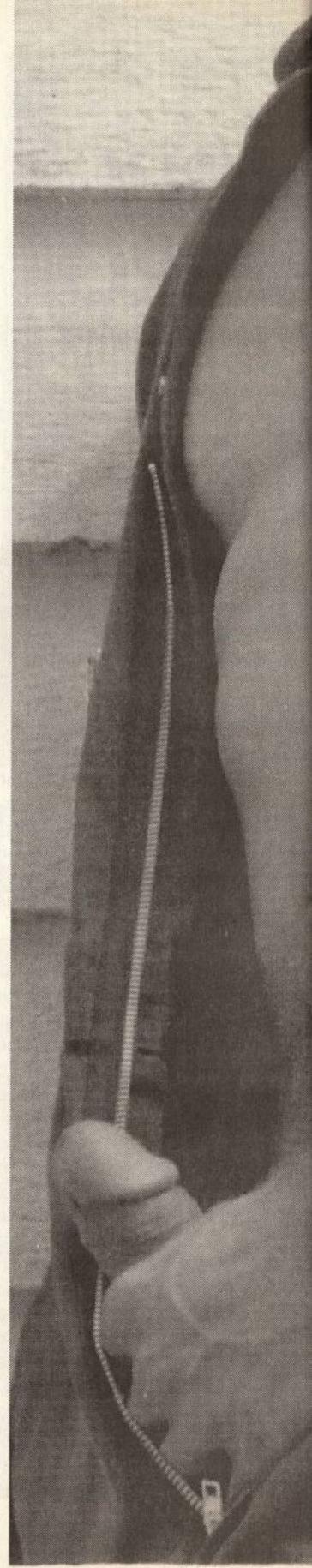
grinned. He fell to his knees and gently kissed Doc's shiny, swollen dickhead before running his tongue down the underside of the hard shaft, down to Doc's tight, hairy balls. Doc shrugged off his jumpsuit and let it fall to his ankles, spreading his legs as wide as he could while the older man's mouth made its way over his balls, down to the sweaty ridge between balls and butt. The surveillance camera whirred softly as it tracked the action.

Max scuttled around till he was crouching behind Doc. "Squat down a little," he said. His hands spread Doc's fleshy butt cheeks. Hairy crack. Wet pink hole. He licked the tangy flesh till he felt the hole open wider. Max pushed his tongue inside Doc's hot ass. Bent half over, the younger man was pinching his nipples as he shoved his butt into Max's face. Max unzipped his own jumpsuit and started stroking his own stiff dick, sliding his foreskin back and forth over slick cockhead. Tongue deeper into hole. Taste the man. From inside.

Max's other hand reached up between Doc's hairy thighs and grabbed onto hard meat. Tongue in and out, then deeper inside. Deeper. Hands jacking dicks. Mouth eating ass. Faster. Deeper.

"Oh Jesus. Jesus Jesus," DR-4275 yelled as he shot his load. MX-931 came, too. The surveillance camera whirred and gleamed.

"So, a few years after the cure was discovered, and just as the Bornagains were consolidating their power, I joined the resistance." Max was speaking softly to Doc, whose head lay snuggled on Max's furry chest. "Our cell concentrated on operations in the Rockies. Raids on Colorado Springs, that sort of thing. We were pretty successful, as successful as you can be in the face of overwhelming odds. But after a couple of years, our camp was raided and we were all carted away. Turned out we'd been informed on by one of our own. Traitor in our midst. Christopher. Last I heard, Christopher had gotten a good



rardelli Command Post, to a small, windowless interrogation room on an upper floor. By the fifth time the Beast came for him, Doc was prepared for what was to come.

He expected, hoped, that the guard would lock the door of the cubicle, would tell him to strip down, to kneel before him, to get on all fours "like a faggot dog." Command him to bury his face in the guard's knee-high black leather boots. To use his tongue to make the boots shine in the glaring light of the room's single unshaded bulb. "That's it, faggot, make those boots gleam." And as Doc slurped on the black leather of one boot, The Beast would take his other boot and bring it down on Doc's naked back until the waffle sole pressed its design into tender flesh.

All the way to Command Post, through the dark, deserted streets of Camp Francisco, Doc's prick was hard and dripping in anticipation. But when his captor opened the door of the interrogation cell, he was surprised to see the center of the tiny room occupied by a medical examination table complete with shiny chromed stirrups.

"OK, faggot. Strip down. Clothes in a neat pile in the corner. And get up on the table. On your back, feet in the stirrups. I've gotta piss." The Beast's thick fingers grabbed at his cock through the black cloth of his uniform. On nights like this, the guard dispensed with wearing restrictive regulation undershorts; the outline of his swelling rod was clearly visible through the black fabric. Not too thick, but extraordinarily long. Doc knew its shape by heart.

This time there would be no taste of boots. No groveling, face against the filthy floor. Doc was disappointed, but quickly did as he was told. The table's black plastic covering was cold against his back. He gasped softly. "Stop whimpering, faggot, and act like a man. Feet in the stirrups. Now."

The glaring bulb was behind the Beast's head. The guard's face was in shadow, but the light caught his black hair, turning it into a dark halo. The

Beast unbuttoned his fly, pulled out his long dick and spit on it. "Open up, faggot." Doc felt the head slipping inside him. It was the first time the guard had condescended to fuck him. But instead of the anticipated strokes of fucking, Doc felt his guts filling with warm liquid. The Beast was pissing inside him. "I've been saving it up all day for you. You know how uncomfortable that is, faggot? So you're not going to spill a drop. Not a drop, got it?"

Finally done, the big guard pulled his dick out of Doc's butt. The prisoner felt a warm fullness inside him. "Stand up," the guard growled. Doc struggled to his feet. The piss inside him shifted, the pressure became more urgent.

"Not a drop, faggot. Not a single drop. Now squat down and lick my joint clean." The guard's dick hung half-hard from the black uniform's open fly. The prisoner hungrily did as he was told.

"That's enough. Now stand up. Over there." The guard grabbed Doc's wrists, pulled them high above his head, fastened them to cold iron manacles hanging from the ceiling. He was stretched out, naked. Exposed. Doc felt his guts churn.

"See this nice, clean piece of white paper, faggot? You're gonna stand on it. That's it, now lift your other foot. And when I get back, if that paper is soiled, even the tiniest bit dirty. . ." The burly guard left the sentence unfinished as he switched off the glaring light and walked out the door.

Left there in the dark for a half-hour, an hour, for who knows how long, Doc concentrated on keeping the guard's hot piss inside him. His guts began to cramp. He squeezed his ass muscles tighter. His mind would start to drift off, his sphincter to relax. A trickle of moisture. NO! Gotta concentrate. Not a drop. Not a drop. The Beast told him not to let go of a drop of his roiling piss, and he would obey his master's command.

Finally, the door re-opened. The light went on. The Beast. He walked over to Doc and punched his hairy belly Doc writhed in pain. Not a drop Wouldn't spill a single drop.

"Now then, faggot, what can you tell me about MX-94114? Are you and his atheist pals planning any thing? What has your boyfriend been saying to you? TALK!" Another punctoo the guts. A sharp, cramping spasm of pain.

They were the same questions he'd been asked each time before. The questions that an ever-dwindling sense of loyalty had made him refuse to answer. Doc could feel the guard's steaming piss churning, pressing demanding to be released. He'd answer this time, even if he didn't have the answers, even if he had to make something up.

"TALK, FAGGOT!"

A punch, hard, to the gut. Hot stinking liquid began to course down the prisoner's hairy inner thighs.

Doc spilled his guts.

MX-931 was bound, naked, sus pended upside-down. His arms had been tied tightly behind his back. Thick leather restraints had been clamped around his ankles. Hooked to a chain, winched up slowly till his head was a foot off the stone floor.

By the time DR-4275 saw him guards with rattan canes had opened up bloody stripes on Max's butt and hairy thighs. When Dod saw him, he thought, I'm responsible for this, for all his pain. The knowledge brought a strong, guilty rush of sexual excitement that made his dick so hard it ached.

The Beast had brought Doc to the Confessions Room, which once had been the Dungeon of Horrors at the Fisherman's Wharf Wax Museum. The stone walls and lurid lighting remained, but now the implements of torture were functional. Being present in this room, watching from behind the two-way mirror, was DR-4275's reward, the payoff for betrayal.

A clean-cut young guard looking no older than a high school student, gold en crucifix gleaming against his tight black uniform, was working on Max. it, faggot," the guard growled. Max's screams echoed through the dungeon as The Beast dumped a hot, salty load down DR-4275's throat.

Doc got off his knees and stepped through the door beside the two-way mirror, into the dungeon. Over by the rack, one of God's Guards was holding a branding iron in a bucket of hot coals. He pulled the red-hot iron out. The business end was in the shape of a crucifix, a burning, glowing cross. Max's eyes were wild with fear. The guard brought the searing metal down on Max's chest. The smell of singed hair, charred flesh. Max shrieked, tossed his head from side to side. He caught sight of Doc. For one impossibly long instant, their eyes locked. Max shuddered, passed out. The taste of The Beast's cum was still in Doc's mouth.

The crowds were gathering at Pier 39. The usual band of sadists stood expectantly at the foot of the Discipline Platform. The rom of Saint Andrew's crosses had been replaced by a wooden gallows. It was a grey December day. Across the Bay in Marin County, where the straight people lived, a light rain had begun to fall.

A twelve man detail of God's Guards marched the prisoner toward the gallows. When he'd been taken from his cell, the condemned man had asked that he not be handcuffed or bound. "I want to do this on my own. To prove how strong I can be." The God's Guards had refused his request, tied his wrists behind him.

At the entrance to the Pier, the detail halted. The prisoner was stripped of his jumpsuit and shoes. He refused the offer of a blindfold. "I want to see it all," he said. The condemned man's hard dick jutted out from his hairy belly. Surrounded by goose-stepping guards, erection displayed for all to see, DR-4275 made his way toward the hangman's noose.

After Max's torture session, the Englishman had disappeared and been replaced by a cute young Asian boy who cried in his sleep. Doc had let the boy grab onto him for comfort, let him stroke his cock. But every night he waited for The Beast to throw open the door and drag him to his feet. And every night he was disappointed.

Then one rainy day he had been taken to the Tribunal, held in what once had been City Hall. Three judges heard the evidence against him. Heard The Beast testify that the prisoner had, unbidden, grabbed his penis. The surveillance tape showed it all clearly: the prisoner on his knees, sucking the burly guard's cock. Max's taped, amplified screams had rung through the courtroom. DR-4275 made a full confession, though it made no difference, brought no mercy. He was found guilty of Indecent Behavior Toward Camp Staff. The three judges sentenced him to death. Doc swayed on his feet, feeling fear, resignation, a strange kind of happiness. The judges left. Only he, the courtroom guards, and his betrayer remained. The Beast walked over to Doc, kissed him on the lips. "Jesus loves you," the Beast said.

The wood planking of the pier is rough beneath his feet. The crowd makes way as he, naked, hands clasped behind his back, is lead toward the platform. He looks around. The eyes that meet his are filled with anticipation and contempt. They could try to help me, Doc thinks, but they won't because they want to see me die. He is helpless, betrayed, and very, very alone. He walks on, dick swollen in defiance. "Hang him!" someone shouts, and others join in the cry. He stumbles. A young man from the crowd rushes over and helps him up. He wonders if the stranger helped him because he was on Doc's side or because, more likely, he wanted the unstoppable progress toward death to proceed without a hitch. DR-4275's dick throbs and oozes precum.

The prisoner and his guards reach the foot of the scaffold. One of God's Guards unhooks a cat-o'-ninetails from his belt and flogs the condemned man until his shoulder bleed. The crowd counts every stroke aloud. DR-4275 can barely feel the pain.

The steps to the scaffold are steep, each a foot or so high. It's a strenuous climb to the top. Four guards are on the platform with him. One of them is his accuser. The Beast. Two more steps lead up to a second platform, barely big enough for one man to stand upon. In the middle of the small platform is a wooden trap door.

For a very long minute, nobody moves. The crowd falls silent. DR-4275 watches the noose sway gently in the breeze. "Get on with it!" an impatient voice from the sadists' section shouts.

One of the guards opens a Bible and reads a few verses. "Jesus loves you," he says.

The prisoner takes the final few steps to the trap door. The Beast places the noose around his neck and pulls it down half-tight.

Someone switches on the P.A. system. Too loud. A hymn blares from the speakers. "A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD."

The naked man with the hard dick knows what will happen next. The trap door will fall open. His body will be launches into its last trajectory, a freefall that lasts a second but seems to last an eternity. His eternity. His body's weight will pull against the noose. The rope will tighten. His spine will jerk taut. And in that moment, his hard dick will shoot a final, endless load of cum. The crowds of men at his feet, men so much like him, will watch, with contempt and desire, his one last long fuck with Death.

"Jesus loves you," The Beast says, and reaches for the lever.

Holy Terror is scheduled for publication in Lawmen: Dangerous Erotica for Gay Men, forthcoming from Masquerade Books, NY.

BOOK SECTION

occasional dog barking or a train going by in the distance. When we got half a block from the truck on this dark street, Earl said, very low, "Wait a minute!" He listened and then said in a whisper, "We got to do this slow. Someone's working on the truck."

I looked closely and sure enough, I could see a very small dim light—someone with a flashlight at the back of the truck.

We crept up slowly. As we got closer I could see it was someone trying to pick the lock on the back gate. He didn't hear us coming, concentrating too hard I figured. And the dumb son of a bitch didn't know the truck was close to empty. We were pretty close when I guess he heard us and turned around. Earl immediately jumped him and held him in a strangle hold. Earl said, "Okay, Bud, unlock the truck; we got games to play with this pigeon."

The guy was saying, "Hey, lemme go! Lemme go. I didn't take anything I was just trying to see if I could open one of those locks." I opened one of the doors and Earl said, "Okay, Buster, in you go." He let go of the dude who immediately tried to bolt for it, but Earl caught him by the arm, twisted the arm behind the dude and said, "Get in or I'll twist the arm off—and I can do it. Bud here has seen me do it."

I rose to the occasion and said, "I sure have, fella. Get in the truck." He climbed up into the truck and Earl and I climbed in behind him. We still had a couple of TV sets in cartons, but there were toward the front so we had a lot of space. Earl went and turned on the light, not very bright, but bright enough to see who we had in our trap.

Just a dude like I thought, 22, maybe 23 years old. Not as tall as Earl or me, maybe 5'8". Wearing a T-shirt that showed off a muscular chest, good shoulders, lean but muscular arms. A frightened face right now, but good looking, with shaggy long blond hair and wide

dark eyes.

Earl said, "Watch him," to me, so I got between the dude and the door. Earl said to the guy, "Don't try anything."

The dude said back, "Look I wasn't doing anything. I didn't steal anything I was just curious."

Earl laughed. He had a deep loud laugh. He got a length of rope from somewhere, came over and whirled the dude around and tied his wrists behind him fast like he'd done it lots of times before.

I was behind the dude. Earl said to me, "Hold him," so I put my hands on the dude's arms, fairly loose, but ready to really grab him if need be.

Earl came over to him, reached up and with one quick grab, ripped open the dude's T-shirt and then with another quick grab, ripped off one shoulder, tugged the shirt off and the dude was bare-chested.

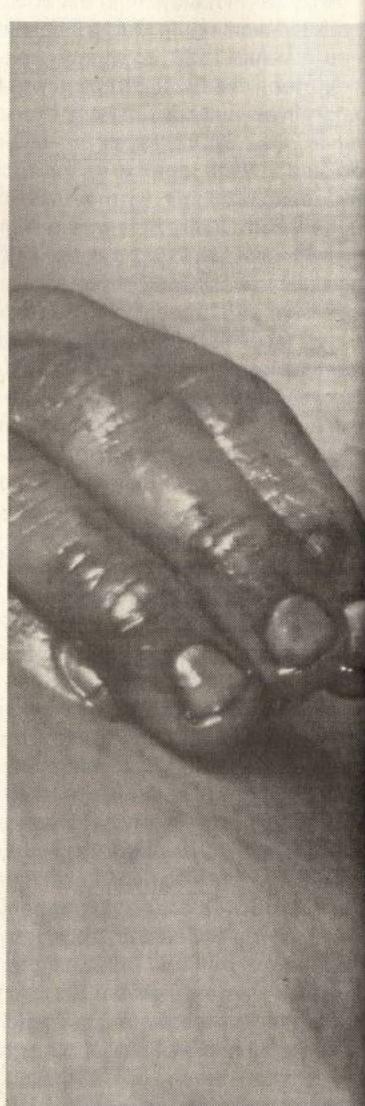
Earl narrowed his eyes, lifted one dark eyebrow and said, "Hey, lookee, Bud we got an athlete on our hands. All muscles and big brown tits." Holding the dude's arms I could feel how solid they were. Looking down over the dude's shoulder I could see these chest muscles arching out. The dude was scared. I could feel it. I think I could smell it. His arms were clammy because he was sweating even though it wasn't that warm.

Earl said, "Nice big brown tits! Yummy! and he reached up and grabbed one of them. He pinched it and twisted it. The dude said, "Hey. Hey. Please. Please. Let me go. I didn't steal anything."

Earl smiled and shook his head and grabbed the other tit and twisted both of them. The dude tried to break away from me, but I wrapped my arms around him and held him tight. He yiped. He said, God damn. Oh Christ, God Damn. Oh you fucking bastard. You mother fucking scumbag."

Earl let go of the tits and slapped the guy's face. One, two, right left, right left. It made a sharp clapping sound and the dude's face bounced to the left, then to the right and back again and his long blond hair swung from one side to the other Earl gave him six or eight hard slaps and said, "Watch your language, mother fucker."

Earl asked me, "You got a good



hold on the scumbag, Bud? Good, hold tight. I'll be right back." And with that he jumped out of the truck and was gone maybe a minute and a half. He came back into the truck. He had a couple of things with him, but I

ass. I watched it leave long welts that looked like long thin bruises. As the blows continued and got harder, the dude jumped with them and I had to work to hold him down.

He moaned and groaned. He screwed up his face in pain with each blow and every once in a while said, "Oh shit, that hurt. Oh fuck! Oh fuck!" Earl raised the strap each time and brought it down like he was throwing a fast ball to a batter and striking the guy out. I could smell the sweat on the dude. I don't know how many Earl gave him. They kept coming one after another, making that white ass the color of a tomato.

Finally Earl stopped and asked me, "Hey Bud, you think he's had enough?"

I didn't know what to say, but I managed, "I guess so."

"How about it, mother fucking scumbag piece of shit. You had enough?"

The dude sobbed, "Yes, yes. Please. Take these things off my tits."

Earl said, "Sure I will. I'll take them off after you suck my cock."

The dude whimpered, "Please, mister. I'm not queer. I don't suck cocks."

"Okay, pretty boy. I leave the clamps on and you get another hundred."

"No please. I'll do it. I'll do it."

Earl nodded to me and I let go of the guy and let him slip onto the floor. He said, "Take them off."

Earl said, "After you suck my cock."

"No. No. I can't do anything until they're off."

Earl shrugged, leaned down and took the clamps off the dude's tits, making him give a shriek of pain each time.

I just sat back and watched as Earl stood over the dude and reached down and pulled him up to his knees by grabbing a handful of the blond hair and tugging at it. Then Earl unzipped his fly, and

pulled out his cock. I hadn't seen it before or at least hadn't looked when I could have seen it in the showed or in the john. Right now it was half hard, a long surprisingly white cock, uncut. The head, half hidden by the half retracted foreskin, was a deep maroon color almost purple. Earl put his hand around it and gave it a couple of quick swipes and got it hard. It stood out, angled upward, very hard and long, bouncing a little as it throbbed with blood.

The dude looked up at Earl who smiled down at him, and then he thrust his head forward as though taking the plunge and had the cock in his mouth. I started to get a hard-on watching them. Earl grabbed the sides of the dude's head and thrust his cock back and forth in the dude's mouth. A couple of times the dude gagged and had to wait a second or two before he could go on sucking. Earl gave him directions: "Swab it with your tongue, cocksucker. Take it all the way down your shit eating throat. Tighten your queer lips around it. Oh man!" And then Earl pumped it in and out of the guy's mouth. Long slow plunges in and out.

Then Earl grabbed the dude's head on either side real tight, his hips gave a jerk or two. The dude tried to pull away, but Earl held on and said, "Swallow it, scumbag, swallow it!" The dude gulped a couple of times so I guess he swallowed it. Then Earl pulled his cock out of the dude's mouth and pushed it back in his pants.

The dude lifted one leg as though he were going to stand up. Earl barked, "Stay there! Get down on your belly." He looked at me. He said, "How you feeling, Bud? Your pecker standing at attention?"

I blushed but I nodded my head and said, "Yeah. Can he give me a blow job too?

Earl grinned his big wide grin and said, "Better than that! You can

fuck his ass. I brought you the fixings." He reached in his pocket and brought out a condom. He said, "This guy is a cocksucker so you don't know who has been plowing his ass before you."

I was breathing hard. I had never fucked a guy and always thought of it as queer as all hell. But watching that young and muscular dude give head to Earl had me going. My cock was hard and throbbing.

I guess at this point the dude listened and realized what was going to happen and yelled, "No, no, for Christ's sake. I ain't no queer. I ain't no queer."

I opened my pants and pushed down my briefs. For some reason I wasn't the least bit self conscious displaying my hot and hard cock to my friend and fellow worker. The dude tried to get up again, but Earl simply put his foot lightly on the dude's neck, pinning him to the floor. I put the condom on with fluttery fingers. Earl handed me a tube of lube and I put that on too.

Earl said to the dude, "Spread your fuckin' legs or I'll break your neck," and he leaned a little with his foot. The dude spread his legs. Earl said to me, "There's a mat over there, double it up and put it under his hips." I got the mat and did just that with a little shoving and pushing. The idea of fucking that red, striped, lacerated ass had me really going.

I got down over him. I aimed my cock for his ass hole, or anyway for where I thought his ass hole should be and pushed. It didn't go in, so I reached down and felt for it and found it. I pushed two fingers in, but it sure was tight. I tried again and my cock hit the hole. I think I could have knocked a hole in a fence with my cock, it was so hot and hard. I plunged in and the dude gave a real loud yell like he was being murdered.

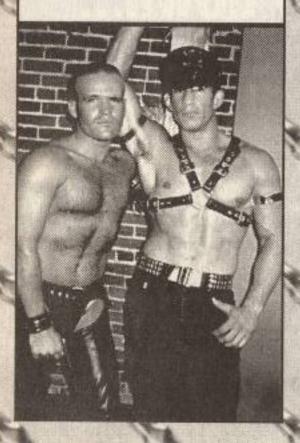
I didn't care. I kept pushing and then I was riding. Back and forth, in and out. It was like putting your

ROD WIDEO

ALEX'S LEATHER DREAM

V145

The smell and feel of a new leather armband induce Alex to wonderful sex-filled dreams. Sucking, fucking, kissing, caressing-all the action necessary to make these leather studs hard and panting. A dream fantasy of hot, steamy sex.



AT YOUR SERVICE

V148

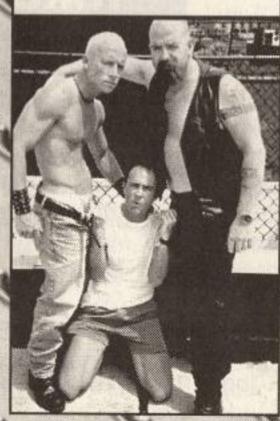
Aggressive hot sex that will make your dicks hard and the cum shoot. Leather shorts, motorcycle boots, sex on top of the boss's desk: hot and heavy action. There's no playing around in this video. These guys give you hard-core action at its very best.



THE INTRUDER

V150

These intruders are two leather New York punks with big fat dicks who are looking for cocksucking action from the Brooklyn apartment owner. The sex is fast paced and great cum shots end the action



SEX PLAY BY RUSSO

V149

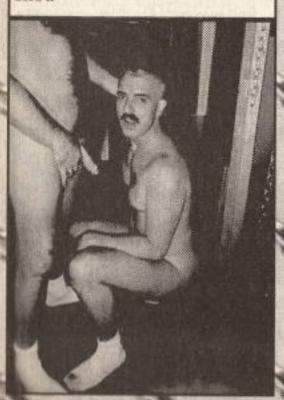
One of the all-time hot men to grace the video screen in gay erotic porn is sex star Donnie Russo. In this video he lets you have a look at his New York finds. The camera moves in close to watch his hard throbbing cock shoot loads of cum just for you.



NEW YORK VOYEUR

V151

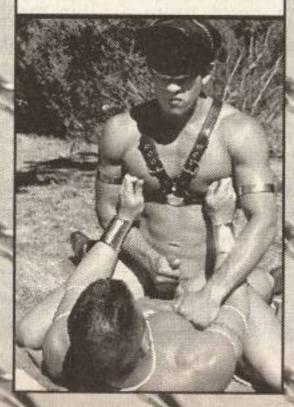
Hard hat sex: fucking, sucking and prick up the butt as these hard hatted studs give a big thrill to the watchful eyes of an excited voyeur. Later, in the privacy of his own room, the voyeur flashes on the action in his fantasy and beats his big black dick to a full-on cum shot.



DADDY'S SLAVE INDUCTION

V152

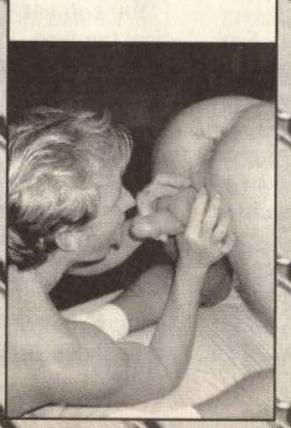
Big cigar smoking daddy Donnie Russo takes two slaves in tow and teaches them to be good slaves for their masters. Beer washing; double-headed dildo fucking; all three shoot big loads. Later Donnie fucks Joe Romero and both release loads of man juice.



PHYSICAL EXAM

V143

If you like uncut dick, lots of ass play, rimming and a horny doctor who has three hunks to examine. "Cough, bend over, spread your cheeks, say AHHH! This video will push all the right buttons for you.



JAIL CELL BREAKOUT

V144

Nasty jailer Steve Dragyn puts 4 buffed horny studs in detention cells. It soon becomes hot actions of lustful and kinky men getting into sucking, beating their meats, shaving, rimming and fast hard fucks.



HOW TO IMEET TOUGH MEN

Pick up a copy of Drummer Tough Customers magazine. Choose the men you want to meet from the hundreds of photo personals which appear in every issue.

OR

Check out the classified ads in this issue of International Drummer. If the ad has a phone symbol, you can reply on the Drummer Tough Line.

Call one of the two Drummer Tough Line numbers.

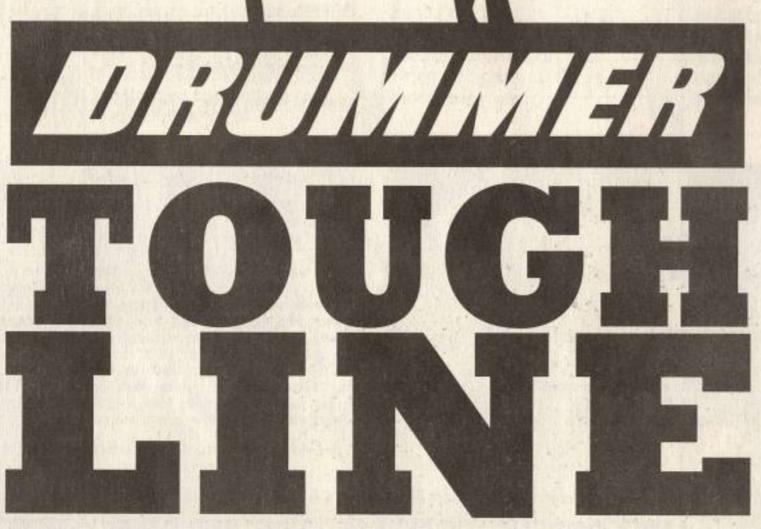
Listen to your man's message and leave him your message.

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1-800-959-8684 \$1.98 per minute Credit cards only

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How to Respond to an Ad

ADS WITH BOX NUMBER

- Compose your response and seal it in an envelope on which you have written the box number on the back flap.
- 2. Add correct postage. Domestic U.S. rquires 32¢ for the first ounce, 23c for each additional ounce. Canada and Mexico require 40¢ for the first ounce, 23¢ for each additional ounce. Overseas requires 50c for the first half-ounce, 45¢ for the second half-ounce, and 39c for each additional half-ounce. Over-seas vouchers or money cannot be used. Foreign country responses: If U.S. postage is not available, we will provide postage. For 1-5 letters, send an additional \$2. For 5-10 letters send an additional \$5. Postal rages are subject to change without notice.

Letters not properly prepared will be returned to sender. Inter-national Drummer will forward responses to ads in back issues. However, we cannot guarantee that old addresses will be valid.

3. Put sealed letter(s) and a \$2 (per item) forwarding fee (include a note if you are a LF member) and mail to: International Drummer Clas-sifieds P.O. Box 410390 San Francisco, CA 94141.

TOUGH LINE SYMBOL ☎

- 1. Using a touch-tone phone dail 1-800-959-8684. \$1.98 per minute will be filled to your credit card. Or, call 1-900-468-6844. \$3 per minute will be billed to your telephone bill.
- 2. Follow the Tough Line voice instructions. for 1-800 calls, have your credit card number and expiration date ready. Also have ready the four-digit number which appears at the end of the ad you want to contact.

FF, CBT, VA, JO, spanking, worship. You: built, nasty, eager to please. You will work for the privilege of serving me & possibly 1 addl stud. 9993 LF

DO YOU DREAM OF BEING

Stripped naked and tortured beyond description solely for the pleasure of an audience? Seeking sophisticated exhibitionist / voyeur SM devotees to participate in scenes of elegant decadence involving all kink. TX, LA, CA, NY. 3659 LF.

DOMINANT COPS

Submissive white male, 40yo, wants Top Cop for arrest, interrogation, confinement done your way. Travel poss., complete discretion, special interests include uniforms, weapons, control, cuffs, etc. This prisoner needs incarceration. Call (412) 421-8252 or write to Box 9892 LF=

ENEMA EXTREMIST SEEKS BOY

GWPM, musc, 50yo, 6'0", 200#, HIV-, hairy, balding, 'stache, smoker, fanatic about extrasoapy (1/4 - 1/2 bar) aggressive, hot, fully-belly butthole enemas. ISO trim (smooth/shaved a +) "boy" 18-45yo. Want to supervise you on potty after/fuck your clean tender hole, bowels still cramp/aching. ONLY TOO MUCH IS ENUF. No scat. Photo/ltr to: POB 53, Georgetowm, TX 78627-0053. 20177 LF\$\infty\$

ENEMA MASTER NEEDED

by masc. WM, 40yo, HWP, to administer 4qt hot, soapy enemas in no-nonsense sessions. Forced retention desired. Tsiyonv, Box 12588, Seattle, WA 98111-4588.

EXPERIENCED MASTER

Seeks to train and tame athletic studs. Beginners and shy guys welcome. Phone (203)261-6355. 11293

FIELD / HOUSE / SEX SLAVE

ISO strong work animal for perm. position, rural setting. Confinement, beating, sex on demand. Incl. photo & resume of skills and exp. Box 9183-180, 955 Mass. Ave., Cambridge, MA 02139.

FIND TRUE OWNERSHIP

Master creating network for Masters and slaves. Sir, 1202 E Pike St. #947, Seattle, WA 98122.

FLESHMATE FOR MISSION

Searching infinite spirit, heart of bodily ecstasy. Gdlkg 5'11", bottom/versatile, 175#, HIV-, 8" cut, 50yo WM. Can meld with Top or Master/versatile esp. black, slim-trim, religious in mutual worship of ever deepening sex. Travel nationwide. 20199 LF

GENITAL MODIFICATION

Pump, shave, pierce, tattoo, abuse, surg., mods. Write with your fantasies or experiences. 20197

GW BEAR

'Stache, mature, caring, experienced guy into mutual ball-play, stretching, gentle-heavy, cud-dling-kinky, incl: catheters, prostate massage, TT, safe, mutual, top/bottom. POB 563, Brookline, MA 02146. 9835 LF

HAIRY SF BEAR

GLM, mid 40s, 5'8", 165#, BRN/BRN, uncut, HIV+, good health, honest & sincere. Looking for fun loving men to cuddle with. Into uniforms, leather, oral sex, (I like them BIG, I hope you do too). Could lead to relationship with right person, but not a must. Easy going & quiet, but enjoys good friends and good times. 9978 LF=

HANDSOME LEATHER PUNISHER

WM, 47yo, 6'2", 220#, BRN/HZL, beard/moustache, manly, HIV-. ISO beefy-thighed boy (any age) seriously into SM, BD, who will submit his butt and back for punishment and his emotions to a caring protective Master. Respect & loyalty from you gets monogamy from me...Texas. 20178 LF=

HANDSOME HUNG MASTER

Gdlkg GWM Master, 38yo, 6'1", 190#, BRN/BRN with moustache, HUGE 9"x6" cut cock, shaved balls, clean, healthy, HIV-. Seeks gdlkg HIV- slaveboy bottom for possible lover relationship. ISO sexual variety (fantasy, kinky & vanilla), incl: L/L, BD, nudity, uniforms, jocks, hitops, rimming, and rape. BL/BL a "+". POB 88789, L.A., CA 90009 3643 LF

HOT MUSCULAR BOY BUTT

Work out 2 HRS day, 6 days a week and have big chest, arms, rippen abs and bubble butt. Looking for tops and fellow bottoms for FF, CBT, TT, WS, L/L, mask, etc. I am 5'4", 140#, 36yo, can travel, also interested in doing kinky videos. 11270 LF=

HOT EXECUTIVE MASTER DAD

seeks boy needing mentor for discipline, nurturing and available as lover/friend/companion, and can handle affection as well as TT, BD, CBT, safe and sane experimentation. Dad is 6'2", 175#, 40s, HIV- and handsome. Are you ready to give it all to get it all? 8333 LF=

I AM A TRUE SADIST

But I am caring and very experienced. If you are 21+yo and interested in developing your talents, I can help you make friends with SM and the pain. I will hurt you but I will never knowingly harm you. POB 7126, Boca Raton, FL 33431. 3621 LF

ITALIANS DO IT BETTER

Hot Italian stud, 45yo, 6', 160#, top only, 'stache, hairy and hung, digs leather and slings. Into long heavy red hanky action with men who've got a huge, sloppy, hungry, hole and are proud of it. My big cock and talented hands know how to make you feel gooood. Enjoy depth &

width. Into CBT, TT, odors, dirty talk, WS and any kind of kink. Pierced, tattooed and cigar smokin' buddies real pluses. Can host in Florence and travel extensively (in US twice a year). No pix no response. 3670 LF

LEATHER SLAVE

Hot bottom, late 40s, 150#, 5'11', handsome, lean, muscular, masculine, seeks top quality leather master for intense scenes-safe only. 5943 LF

LEATHER, RUBBER, ROPE, AND ...

Steel to keep you controlled in your position as my slave. Your objective: total service to hot leather/rubber Top; 38yo, 5'8", 180#, BB, 8" dick. You can expect piercing, chastity, shaving, WS, torture and more. Slaves to age 45yo apply. 9969 LF

LEATHERCUBS

Several lusty leathercubs, 21yo+, hairy/smooth, to join bearded, furry leather Daddybear in home with playroom. Safe/sane BD, lite SM & lots of Bear family TLC. Must be HIV-, clean, honest, self-supporting, affectionate, n/smoke/drink/drugs. 11235 LF

LEATHERSEX-FL PANHANDLE

38yo, 6', 180#, BRN/BRN, clean shaven, 8Ω' cut, mostly bottom ISO hot leathersex & piss. Leather, uniforms & toys A+, reality A+, games & head trips B+. Write w/pic. Let's get it on! B8335 LF

MASTER SKS MUSC SLAVES

Master, 47yo, tall, well-built, hairy, Ital., cleancut, succl, educ sks slaves, 18-35yo, smth, hard, defined. Jocks, Mil & BB a+. U need Master to guide your life. Will train inexper with superior physique. Live in large S.NH house. HIV- only. 603-425-6659 weekends. 20190 LF

MILITARY - COPS - LEATHERMEN

Need the right booted stud to top me and teach me who's boss. LL, uniforms, CBT, TT, cigars, BD, SM. HIV-. Real men only. POB 90406, San Diego, CA 92169.

PREPPY MASTER SEEKS SLAVEBOY

Looking for full-time Master? Bondage, control, chastity, ownership, discipline, chains & confinement...but also friendship and growth? GWM, Master, 35yo, 6', 210#, attractive, intelligent and successful, seeks goodlooking boy, 20-35yo, to live in & share with. Serious only (ready, willing & able to relocate) send letter & photo with phone to: POB 5840, Washington DC 20016.

REFORM SCHOOL

Correction and discipline. Strip search exam, enema, catheter, restraint and shaving as needed. Punishment with institutional strap on bared buttocks. Strict, formal and serious. Call (201) 635-9196. Box 9049 LF

CLASSIFIEDS

FLORIDA

DADDY WANTS HIS BOY

Leather Daddy, 46yo, demanding, strict, loving, affectionate, is searching for his lost boy. Boy is 20-35yo, submissive, playful, loving, obedient, into leather, BD, SM, WS, and being in his Daddy's arms. Daddy is waiting for you, boy. Miami, 11282 LF

GOOD LOOKING

44yo, BiWM, salt & pepper hair, 5'11", 175#, tan and fit. Would like to meet other adult males for B&D and other games for mutual fun and pleasure. Broward or Palm Beach counties. Must include pix and EZ way to contact or no reply. 20147 LF.

HUNGRY/EAGER COCKSUCKER WANTED

GWM, 40yo, 6'3", 220#, handsome, sincere, moustache, MASC, very MUSC/BB, HIV-. ISO slim, sincere, MASC, cum hungry and devoted cock sucker, talented tangue, desire to please, over 35yo, for long and intense sessions, aroma/piss ok. Send letter/photo/phone. 20162

LIVE-IN BOY WANTED!

Moderately sadistic and caring Daddy, 44yo, average endowment, seeks big dicked, naked slave, 28-38yo, for live-in. WS & paddles a must. Serious only. No phone sex. Platonic friends also wanted for social gatherings. Smokers OK. Call (502) 636-5994. 3556 LF.

MATURE BOTTOM

WM, 62yo, 5'8", 140#, in-shape, 39" chest, 32" waist, 7" cut, smooth swimmer's body, head and torso entirely clean shaven, dancer, educated, submissive, craves strict top or master to obey, serve, and pleasure. POB 8543, Jupiter, FL 33468 3693

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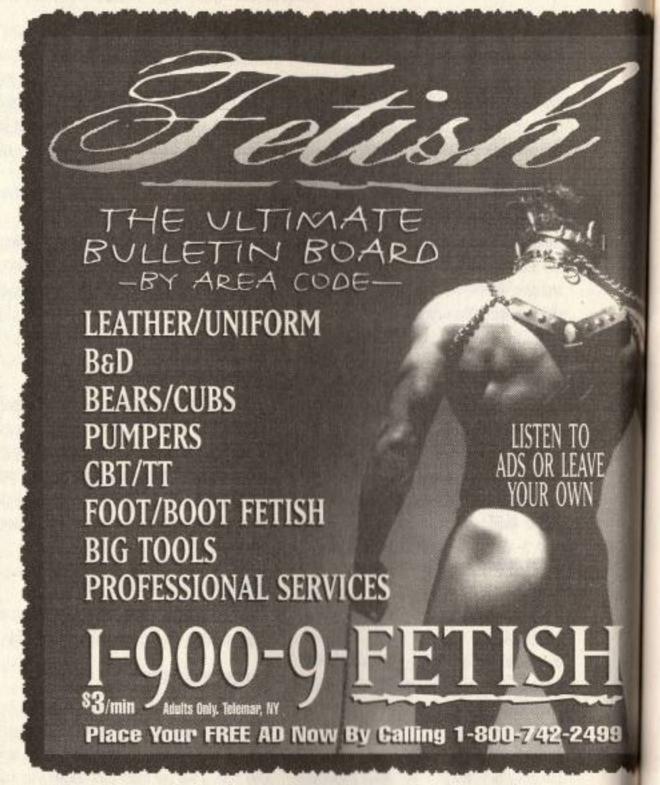
Incl Non-white topmen, to fuck the hungry holes of this 6', 220#, 38yo GWM; SS, enjoys dildos and being fisted. Visitors OK. Need training in BD, SM. Write to John, 3023 N. Clark Street, Suite 289, Chicago, IL 60657. E-mail: bottom4u3@AOL.com 3533 LF

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6', 200#, 7 1/2" cut, mid 40s, cigars, wants very submissive bootlicker for WS, raunch, CBT, torture, spit, shaving, enemas, toilet training, heavy humiliation. Big + if boy is into tongue





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mouth & piss in it. Can travel. Send letter & photo, Ken, POB 146 Blaine, OH 43909, JO OK (614) 633-3577, 9053 LF=

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OREGON

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TEXAS

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OLDER SM BOTTOM WANTED

WM, 34yo, tall, dominant SM Top. I enjoy abrasion, whipping and Doddy/boy fantasy. You must be short, stocky, grey, balding boy. No smoking or drug use allowed. I prefer a permanent partner. Write today if you are the one. 20144 LF=

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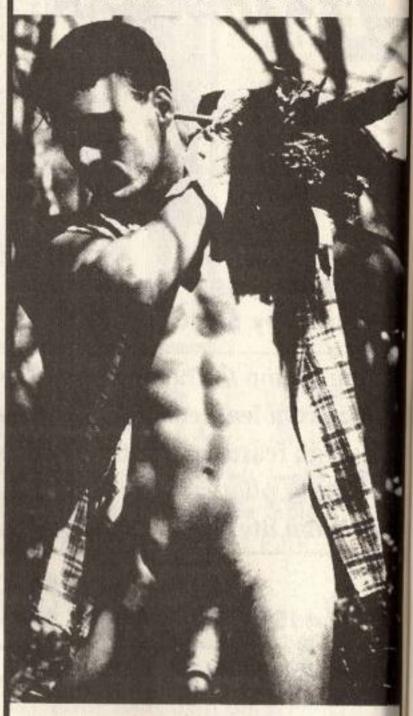
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		\$30.00	Free	\$45.00	\$60.00	
		\$33.50	Free	\$50.25	\$67.00	
		\$37.00	Free	\$55.50	\$74.00	
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WORLD-WIDE CALENDAR

JUNE 33 Boorburd

23 Beerbust Zipp's, Hohe Pforte 15, Köln, Germany

23 Biker The Anvil, 88 Tooleystreet, London, England

23 Black Sunday Chains, Stephanstraße 4, Köln, Germany

23 Club Night NLA: Portland, OR

23 Cruise In The Dark Attitude, at the Trafalgar, Junction of Trafalgar Ave. and Sumner Road, Peckham, London, England

23 Fist Fuck Party LSMA, Hands, Matthiasstraße 22, Köln, Germany

23 Leather Meeting Thüringer Leder Club, KC Maurice, Lagerstraße 24, Erfurt, Germany

23 Real SM Party MSM, The Boss, Rijswijkseweg 536, Den Haag, Holland

23 Seattle Pride Festival Washington State Mr. Londhor

Washington State Mr. Leather Organization, Seattle, WA

23 Skin 4 Skin At The Barracks

Central Station, 37 Wharfdale Road, King's Cross, London, England

24 Bunker II Club 180, 180 Earls Court Road, London, England

24 DeviationThe Anvil, 88 Tooleystreet,
London, England

24 Fetish In The Dark Silks 95, Hopgood Street, Shepherd's Bush, London, England

24 Military Men L' Arene, 80 quai de l'Hôtel de Ville, Paris, France

24 SM Talk LSMA, Aids Hilfe, Beethovenstraße 1, Köln, Germany

24 Summer Bar-B-Que Social

Avatar, North Hollywood, CA 25 Blue Haze The King's Arms, Poland St.

W1, London, England
25 Dungeon Party

New York Renegades, New York, NY

25 Leather Meeting Leguan, Home, Johannsenstraße 8, Hannover, Germany 25 Night Manouvers Uniform Party, The Anvil, 88 Tooleystreet, London, England

25 Play Hard The Renegodes, @ The Monhole, 28 Ninth Ave, 9pm-2am, New York, NY

25 Pride Day Toronto Toronto, ON

25 Skin 4 Skin At The Barracks Central Station, 37 Wharfdale Road, King's Cross, London,

England

25 Skinheads Only
Silks 95, Hopgood Street,

Shepherd's Bush, London, England 25 SM Cafe

COC, Rozenstraat 14, Amsterdam, Holland
26 Annual Meeting

SigMa, Washington, DC 26 The Art of Suspension

GMSMA, Lesbian/Gay Comm Services Center, 208 West 13th St., NY, NY

26 Beer Bust Golden Gate Guards, San Francisco, CA

26 Biker The Anvil, 88 Tooleystreet, London, England

26 Body Modification SM-101 Class by Atlanta SM Solidarity, @ Atlanta Eagle, Atlanta, GA

26 Cigar Night
The Cellblock Bor, 3702 Holsted, Chicago, IL

ed, Chicogo, IL 26 Cock & Ball Torture Lecture

Avatar, LASFS, 11513 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood, CA

26 Fire Men L' Arene, 80 quai de l'Hôtel de Ville, Paris, France

26 Hot Ash The Cellblock 28, 28 Tenth Ave., New York, NY

26 Leather, Uniform, Rubber Party Silks 95, Hopgood Street, Shepherd's Bush, London, England

26 Lotteries Argos, Warmoesstraat 95 / The Web, St. Jacobstraat 5, Amsterdam, Holland

26 Seminar Avatar, North Hollywood, CA

26 Uniform Night London Blues, Central Station, 37 Wharfdale Road, King's Cross, London, England

27 Fetish Night
Attitude, at the Trafalgar, Junction of Trafalgar and Sumner
Road, Peckham, London, England

27 Glory Hole Central Station, 37 Wharfdale Road, King's Cross, London, England

27 HA*SF The Lone Star Saloon, 1354 Harrison, San Francisco, CA

27 Hangin' Round The City 15 Association, San Francisco,

15 Association, San Francisco, CA

27 Hot Jocks The Anvil, 88 Tooleystreet, London, England

27 Skinheads Only Silks 95, Hopgood Street, Shepherd's Bush, London, England

28 Black Leather Jacket Bust Melbourne Leather Men, Mel-

bourne, Australia **28 Club Night** A-Men's Club, Box 370, DK-8100 ≈rhus C, Denmark

28 Dungeon Party New York Renegades, New York, NY

28 Golden Shower SLM Stockholm, Wollmar Yxkullsg 18, Stockholm, Sweden

28 Golden Shower SMtation, Alter Markt 4-6, Köln, Germany

28 Gummi Night Gray Hound's, Holzstraße 4, D-80469 M, nchen, Germany

28 Hot Leather Pride COC, Rozenstraat 14, Amsterdam, Holland

28 Jack Off Stablemaster, Warmoesstraat 23, Amsterdam, Holland

28 Leather Meeting LC Nord West, Bronx, Bohnenstraße 1B, Bremen, Germany

28 Leather Night LM Düsseldorf, Musk, Charlottenstraße 47, Düsseldorf, Germany

28 MSC-MSC Special Night

Cellar Bar of Napolean's, 35 Bloom Street, Manchester, England

28 Perversion
The Anvil, 88 Tooleystreet,
London, England

28 Play Safe The Renegades, J's Hangout, 675 Hudson St., 8pm, New York, NY

28 Rubber Men's Club Salmon & Compasses, 58 Penton Street, Islington, London, England

28 Rubber Party RSG (+31 20 697 2399), PO Box 12913, 1100 AX Amsterdam, Holland

28 Rubber Special
In der Scheune, Motzstrasse
25, 10777 Berlin (Germany) Tom's House (+49 30 218
5544) organises a rubber
exclusive party, 9pm-1am,
Berlin

28 Shorts Party
Wear Shorts = Free Drink.

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28-30 Canadian Rockies Rodeo
IGRA, Calgary, Alberta, Canada
28-30 Europride -

Festival SLM Copenhagen, Studiestraede 14, Copenhagen, Denmark

European Gay Pride

28-30 InQuest Unicorns of Madison, POB 536, Madison, WI

28-30 Leder-Odysee Int. Leather Meeting, FLC Frankfurt, Große Friedberger Straße 19, D-60313 Frankfurt, Germany

29 15 Association Monthly Party, San Francisco, CA

29 Biker Meeting MSC Limburg, Bar Sjinderhannes, Swalmerstraat 42, Roermond, Holland

29 Care To Dance Benefit
Chicken Soup Brigade, Seattle,

29 Fist
Great Fetish Party, Substation
South, 9 Brighton Terrace, London, England

29 Hot & Heavy The Anvil, 88 Tooleystreet, London, England

29 SoirÈe Rouge et Noir (Black & Red) Docks, 150, rue St. Maur, 75011 Paris, France

29 Topless Leather Meeting The Boots, Aerdtstraat 22, B-2060 Antwerpen, Belium

30 ASMF - Fist & Dildoes Party Transfert, 3 Rue de la SourdiÊre, F-75001 Paris,

France
30 ASMF - Rough
Party
Transfert 3 Rue de la

Transfert, 3 Rue de la SourdiÈre, Paris, France

30 Biker The Anvil, 88 Tooleystreet, London, England

30 Seattle Pride Parade Seattle, WA

30 Skin 4 Skin At The Barracks Central Station, 37 Wharfdale Road, King's Cross, London, England

JULY

1 Black Monday Zwitscherst bschen 5, Oldenburg, Germany

1 Bunker II Club 180, 180 Earls Court Road, London, England 1 Deviation The Anvil, 88 Tooleystreet, London, England

1 Fetish In The Dark Silks 95, Hopgood Street, Shepherd's Bush, London, England

1 Leather Meeting LFRR, Go-In, Steelerstraße 83, Essen, Germany

1 Meeting and Social Key West Wreckers, Key West, FI

1 Military Men L' Arene, 80 quai de l'Hôtel de Ville, Paris, France

2 Night Manouvers Uniform Party, The Anvil, 88 Tooleystreet, London, England

2 Safer Sex Party Banque Club, 23 Rue de PenthiEvre, 75008 Paris, France

2 Skin 4 Skin At The Barracks Central Station, 37 Wharfdale Road, King's Cross, London, England

2 Skinheads Only Silks 95, Hopgood Street, Shepherd's Bush, London, England

3 Biker The Anvil, 88 Tooleystreet, London, England

3 Biker Meeting Sussex Lancers MSC, The Marlborough, 4 Princess Street, Brighton, England

3 Cigar Night
The Cellblock Bar, 3702 Halsted, Chicago, IL

3 Fire Men L' Arene, 80 quai de l'Hôtel de Ville, Paris, France

3 Leather, Uniform, Rubber Party Silks 95, Hopgood Street, Shepherd's Bush, London, England

3 Lotteries Argos, Warmoesstraat 95 / The Web, St. Jacobstraat 5, Amsterdam, Holland

4 Fetish Night Attitude, at the Trafalgar, Junction of Trafalgar and Sumner Road, Peckham, London, England

4 Glory Hole
Central Station, 37 Wharfdale
Road, King's Cross, London,
England
4 Hot Jocks

The Anvil, 88 Tooleystreet, London, England 4 Things That Make You Go...BOOM! Part

You Go...BOOM! Party
Key West Wreckers, Key West,
FL
4-7 All American Bear

Jamboree '96 Las Vegas Bears, Las Vegas, NV

4-7 Golden Fleece Run XXIV: Jason Walks The Plank

Rocky Mountaineers Motorcycle Club, Denver, CO

5 Beer Bust PS/LOD, Palm Springs, CA 5 Biker Leather Meet-

MSC Belgium, Duquesnoy, Le Duquesnoy 12, Brussels, Belgium

5 Club Night A-Men's Club, Box 370, DK-8100 ≈rhus C, Denmark

5 Club Night
Outer Limits, Seattle, WA
5 IMC Special Party
Italia Moto Club, Company
Club, Via Benadir NO 14,
Milano, Italy

5 Invitation Special Night Les CuirossÈs de QuÈbec, QuÈbec City, QuÈbec

5 Leather Bikers MSR, The Shaft, Schiedamsesingel 137, Rotterdam, Holland

5 Perversion The Anvil, 88 Tooleystreet, London, England

5 Uniform Night Qu‰lgeist, Hasenheide 54, Hof, 5th Stock, Berlin, Germany

5-6 Golden Shower Weekend - Rubber Xtreme The Boots, Van Aerdsrtaat 22,

Antwerp, Belgium

5-6 Jack Off

Stablemaster, Warmoesstraat
23, Amsterdam, Holland

5-13 Hot Ash Tompo & Ybor City, FL 6 Bar Night

FIST: Baltimore/DC, Baltimore, MD 6 Bare As You Dare

Les CuirassEs de QuEbec, QuEbec City, QuEbec 6 Bear Beer/Soda Bust Northwest Bears, Seattle, WA

6 Beer Bust Defenders, San Francisco, CA 6 European Rubbermenclub

Club Sjinderhannes, Swalmerstraat 42, Roermond, Holland 6 Fist Fuck SLM Copenhagen, Studiestraede 14, Copenhagen, Den-

mark **6 Fist Fuck** Vagevuur (+31 40 44 27 44), Hemelrijken 18, Einhoven, Holland

6 Gay Pride, London, England 6 Hot & Heavy

The Anvil, 88 Tooleystreet, London, England

6 One Day Ride Constantines, San Francisco, CA Bed down here with me hot stud please nurse my nipples sweetly and make my big prick hard with kiss as with embrace: All I want is sex.

Finger me like a pussy find the spot that makes me moan yet as we do secret things keep in mind nasty man: Don't like me too much.

Whisper sounds sweet and dirty speak the sordid ecstasies where passion ignites my lust and tongues probe mouths deeply: Sex talk fucks my brains.

Hug tight as daylight's glint licks soft the private places where I snuggle kiss you but since we touch so closely: Don't like me too much.

